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No 28
FEB.

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

10¢



AMERICA'S
FIRST
AND
FOREMOST
SUPERNATURAL
MAGAZINE!

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

Act Now



BOYS
GIRLS
LADIES

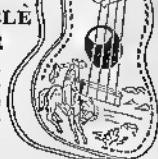
ACT
NOW

Mail
Coupon

WE ARE RELIABLE OUR 56th YEAR

Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases. Ukuleles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours.

SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. H-27, Tyrone, Pa.



GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

ACT NOW



We Are Reliable Write or Mail Coupon

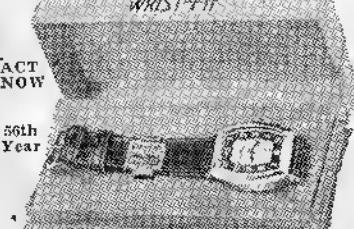
BOYS — GIRLS

1000 Shot Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube of shot, Billfolds (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. Simply Give art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand Salve for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. J-27, TYRONE, PA.

GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

ACT NOW



56th Year
BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES — Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon now. Our 56th year. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. K-27, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN - GIVEN

Premiums - Cash Commission



ACT
NOW

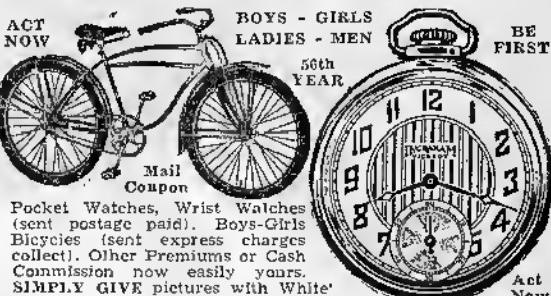
OUR 56th YEAR BE FIRST

Cub Fishing Outfits, Footballs, Baseballs, Basketball Outfits (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us. We are reliable. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. L-27, TYRONE, PA.



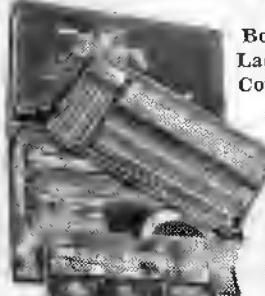
GIVEN - GIVEN

Premiums - Cash Commission



56th YEAR
Boys - Girls
Ladies - Men
Mail Coupon
BE FIRST
Act Now
Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Write or mail coupon today. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. M-27, Tyrone, Pa.

PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH



Boys - Girls
Ladies - Mail
Coupon Now

SEND
NO
MONEY
NOW

WE
TRUST
YOU

Lovely, fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Complete School Boxes, 3 Pcs. Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. N-27, Tyrone, Pa.



OUR
56th
YEAR

Be
First
Act
Now

Our
56th
Year

GIVEN - Premiums - Cash

56th YEAR



Boys - Girls
Ladies - Men
WE ARE
RELIABLE
Genuine 22 cal. Rifles, MAIL
Wrist Watches (sent COUPON
postage paid). Other Premiums or
Cash Commission easily yours. GIVE Pictures with White
CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with
picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order.
WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. P-27, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. A-27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures
with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell
at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30
days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully
explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my
order postage paid to start.

Name Age
St. Box
Town R.D. Zone
Print LAST Name Here No. State

Print LAST Name Here				
Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW				

The VAMPIRE'S PREY



WHAT IS IT A
VAMPIRE SEEKS IN
THE MUFFLED HOURS.
BEFORE DAWN? IS IT A
SLEEPING VICTIM WHOSE ONLY
COMES IN A TROUBLING NIGHTMARE... OR IS IT
SOMETHING WORSE? A STRANGE MURDER LEADS
A YOUNG REPORTER TO THE ANSWER... THE TERRIFYING
SECRET OF

The VAMPIRE'S PREY!

THE NEXT TIME WE'VE
GOT A DATE, BOB---I
WISH YOU'D TELL YOUR
EDITOR TO SEND SOME-
ONE ELSE OUT ON
HIS OLD NEWS
BEAT!

LOOK, HONEY---THIS STORY'S
IMPORTANT! DR. DUDLEY
VERNON'S BEEN MURDERED
---AND THE WHOLE THING'S
A COMPLETE MYSTERY TO
THE POLICE!

DAILY
TELEGRAPH

I REMEMBER READING
ABOUT DR. VERNON
ONLY LAST WEEK!
DIDN'T HE DIS-
COVER SOMETHING
CALLED
CORPOSENE?

RIGHT---IT'S A
COMPOUND THAT'S
IDENTICAL TO
HUMAN BLOOD!
BEING ARTIFICIAL,
IT CAN'T STIMULATE
THE BRAIN TISSUES
---BUT OTHERWISE,
IT'LL BE USEFUL
FOR EMERGENCY
TRANSFUSIONS!

MONTHS LATER--AT DR. VERNON'S
OFFICE...

STRANGLED, EH? BUT MY
BOSH, INSPECTOR--DR.
VERNON WAS A PUBLIC
GENERATOR--HAD
WHAT TO TELL
MEA!

THE MURKED'S
CLEAR ENOUGH,
BOB--BECAUSE
VERNON'S COM-
COMPLETE SUPPLY OF
CORPORELS AND
THIS FORMULA ARE
BOTH MISSING!
WHAT STUMPS
ME IS THE
ALIENESS!

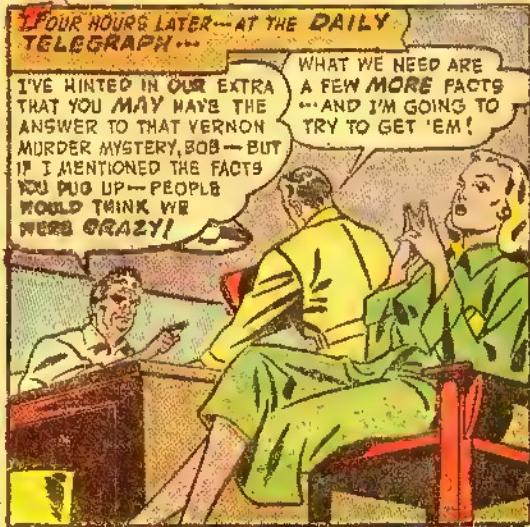
THE DOOR WAS DOUBLE-LATCHED
FROM THE INSIDE--AND A THIN-
SCREEN DEVICE KEEPS THIS WINDOW
LOCKED SO THAT EVEN A GORILLA
COULDN'T HAVE FORCED IT OPEN
ANY WIDER THAN

SIX
INCHES!

AND YET OBVIOUS-
LY--THAT'S THE
WAY THE MURDERER
ENTERED!

WELL, I'D BETTER START CHECK-
ING EVERY SQUARE
INCH OF THIS
PLACE FOR
FINGER-
PRINTS!

I CAN TAKE
A HINT, PAL--
YOU'RE TOO BUSY
TO ANSWER
QUESTIONS! O.K.,
TRUDY--LET'S
GO!



15 MINUTES
LATER...

SORRY, BOB---THERE ISN'T A WORD ABOUT VAMPIRES! HERB'S THE LAST ENTRY---DATED A WEEK AGO: "ONLY ONE MINOR SUBSTANCE MAKES MY COMPOUND A DANGEROUS ACID. IF I CAN FIND A WAY TO REMOVE IT WITHOUT AFFECTING THE REST OF THE SOLUTION... CORPOSENE WILL BE THE EXACT CHEMICAL COUNTER-PART OF HUMAN BLOOD..."

GURG! DR. VERNON'S JOURNAL WON'T BE MUCH OF A HELP AFTER ALL, TRUDY!

BOB! GOOD HEAVENS
---WHAT'S THAT?



SOON AFTERWARD -- AT AN ELD-HOUSE Huddled IN THE SHADOW OF TERROR --

WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS? WHY DON'T THEY MOVE -- WHY DON'T THEY SAY SOMETHING?

THEY'RE ZOMBIES -- AND IT WAS FOR THEM THAT I KILLED DR. VERNON -- AND SEIZED BOTH THE CORPOSENE AND THE FORMULA!



A VAMPIRE MUST HAVE PURE BLOOD -- UNCONTAMINATED BY ANY FOREIGN SUBSTANCE -- AND WHERE CAN IT BE FOUND IN AN AGE WHEN EVERYONE HAS BEEN INOCULATED OR OTHERWISE INJECTED WITH CHEMICALS? BUT BY RAISING A BAND OF NEWLY DEAD AND PUMPING CORPOSENE INTO THEIR VEINS... I'VE FOUND THE PERFECT SOLUTION!

A ZOMBIE NEEDS ONLY THIS MUCH CORPOSENE -- AND THEN WILL CONTINUE TO PRODUCE IT AUTOMATICALLY! NOT ONLY WILL THEY SUSTAIN ME FOREVER -- BUT THEY'LL REMAIN COMPLETELY UNDER MY CONTROL!

WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU CAN SAY FOR ME, CREEP!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT -- AS THE ZOMBIES ADVANCE WITH INHUMAN SNARLS...



I DON'T UNDERSTAND, BOB... WHAT REVIVED YOU?

I ONLY PRE-TENDED TO BE HYPNOTIZED, HONEY--THEREBY PREVENTING GANGRINI FROM REALLY GOING TO WORK ON ME! AS FOR THIS VIAL--IF GANGRINI CAN RESTORE CORPSES TO LIFE WITH AN INJECTION OF CORPOSENE, SO CAN WE--AND THE BODY WE'RE GOING TO WORK ON WILL BE DR. VERNON'S!

SOON AFTERWARD...

ARE YOU SURE WE'LL FIND DR. VERNON'S BODY HERE, BOB?

YEP--THE CORONER ALWAYS HANDLES MURDER CASES! LET'S SEE--ONE OF THESE SKELETON KEYS OUGHT TO WORK!

I CAN PROBABLY FIND A HYPODERMIC IN THAT CABINET--AND THEN MAYBE, YOU'D BETTER WAIT OUTSIDE!

CORONER'S
TOE

MOMENTS
LATER...

BRACE YOURSELF, TRUDY--HERE HE IS!

THEN--AS BOB STEALS HIMSELF FOR AN ORDEAL FEW HUMANS HAVE EVER FACED--

BUT IF IT'S TRUE THAT CORPOSENE CAN'T RESTORE HIS MENTAL PROCESSES--HE'S NOTHING BUT A ZOMBIE! WE CAN'T RISK TAKING HIM TO GANGRINI'S LAIR--ONCE HE COMES UNDER THE EVIL INFLUENCE EXERTED BY THE PLACE--WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

JUST THE SAME-- DR. VERNON'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN RELEASE THE DEAD FROM GANGRINI'S POWER! I'M GOING TO TAKE A CHANCE AND SHOW HIM THE HORROR OF THAT PLACE--AND RELY ON THE FACT THAT THE FORCE OF EVIL IS ON OUR SIDE!

AS THE MOON PIERCES DOWN AT THE HAVER OF HORROR...

HA HA HA! NOTHING CAN CHEER ME NOW, ZOMBIES-- GANGRINI WILL LIVE FOREVER!

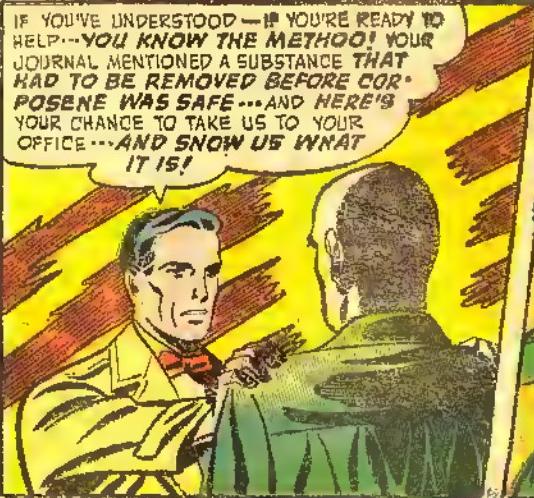
AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF CORPOSEUMS--AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF DEATH-LIKE BODIES--GIVING ME THE LIFE FORCE NO VAMPIRE CAN LIVE WITHOUT! TONIGHT YOU WILL HELP ME--WE WILL PROWL AMONG THE TOMBSTONES TOGETHER!



DR. VERNON, YOU TOILED FOR YEARS TO PRODUCE CORPOSEUM AS A MIRACLE COMPOUND THAT WOULD SAVE THE LIVING--NOT CONDEMN THE DEAD TO AN ETERNITY OF HORROR LIKE THIS! EVEN IF THE CORPOSEUM HASN'T REVIVED YOUR MIND--SOMETHING MUST BE LEFT OF THE WILL THAT DOMINATED YOUR LIFE--PROMPTING YOU TO HELP YOUR FELLOW MEN!



IF YOU'VE UNDERSTOOD--IF YOU'RE READY TO HELP--YOU KNOW THE METHOD! YOUR JOURNAL MENTIONED A SUBSTANCE THAT HAD TO BE REMOVED BEFORE CORPOSEUM WAS SAFE...AND HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO TAKE US TO YOUR OFFICE...AND SHOW US WHAT IT IS!



SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY--THE UNLIVING SENSES WHERE IT IS FROM BOB I KNOW!

BOB--HE DIDN'T LISTEN! THERE'S WHERE HE WANTS TO BE--INSIDE--WITH THEM!

DR. VERNON--WAIT! THIS'LL MEAN SACRIFICING US AS WELL AS YOURSELF!



LIL'S BOB MAKES A DESPERATE LUNGE...



STOP...YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

WIFE OF THE INFERNAL! THEY'RE BACK--WITH DR. VERNON!

MORTALS...AND THEY THINK THEY CAN KEEP DR. VERNON FROM JOINING ME--NOW THAT HE KNOWS THE POWER I'VE GAINED FROM CORPOSEUM! SEIZE THEM--AND THIS TIME--MAKE SURE THEY DON'T ESCAPE!



FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, BOB—
LET'S GET AWAY WHILE
THERE'S STILL TIME!

WITHOUT ME,
VERNON? NO,
BABY—I'M NOT
LEAVING HIM
HERE!

POW!

SOK!

OWH!

Then—IT'S EYES STARING WITH
AN UNHOLY GLOW...

HUUM...
HUUM...

A MOMENT LATER...

YOU SLAB-FACED FIEND
—SHE'S PAINTED! I'M
WARNING YOU—DON'T DO
ANYTHING TO
HER!

HEH-HEH—NOW TO MAKE
BOTH OF YOU CREATURES
I CAN USE—PART OF THE
VAMPIRE'S FRAY THAT
WILL KEEP ME ALIVE
UNTIL THE END OF
TIME! I'LL START WITH
HER!

SUDDENLY— AH—THAT'S JUST THE
THING, DR. VERNON! WE MUST
REVIVE HER FIRST—AND LET
HER LIVE THROUGH THE TERROR
TO COME!



HOIOL SANGRINI UNCORKS THE BOTTLE—
AND THEN—

AAAGH!

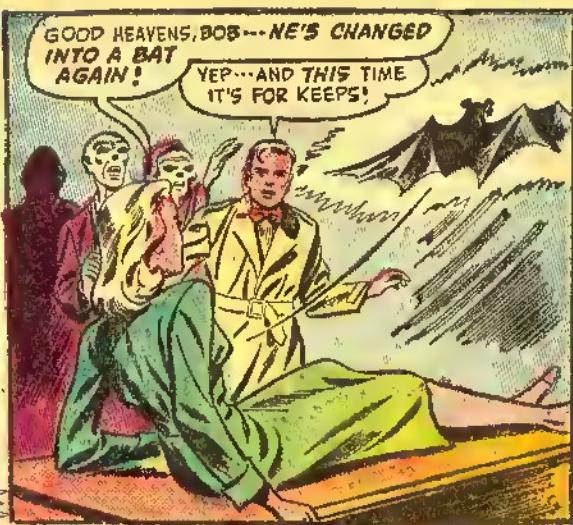
AMMONIA

IN THE NEXT SECOND--



GOOD HEAVENS, BOB---HE'S CHANGED
INTO A BAT AGAIN!

YEP...AND THIS TIME
IT'S FOR KEEPS!



AS THE FLAPPING CREATURE VANISHES IN A FIERY FLASH--

YOU MEAN THIS
IS THE END OF
SANGRINI? BUT
HOW?

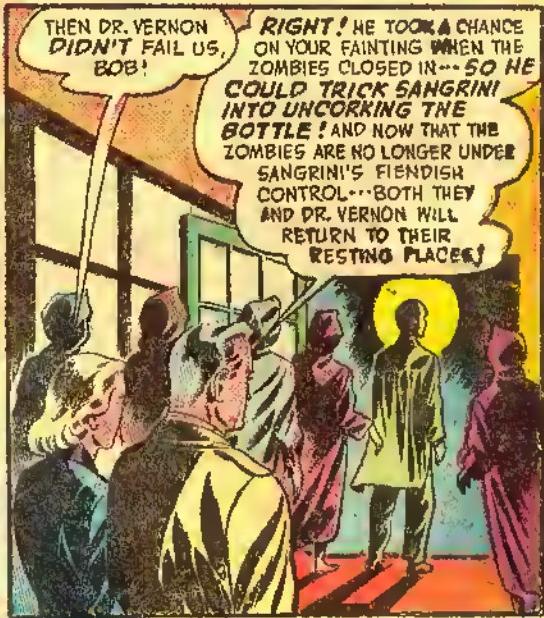
THERE'S THE SUBSTANCE
THAT MADE CORPOSENE A
DANGEROUS ACID---AMMONIA!
BUT IT'S AN ACID THAT COULD
ACT ONLY ON CORPOSENE IN
LIVING TISSUES...
LIKE SANGRINI'S!

GRRAK!

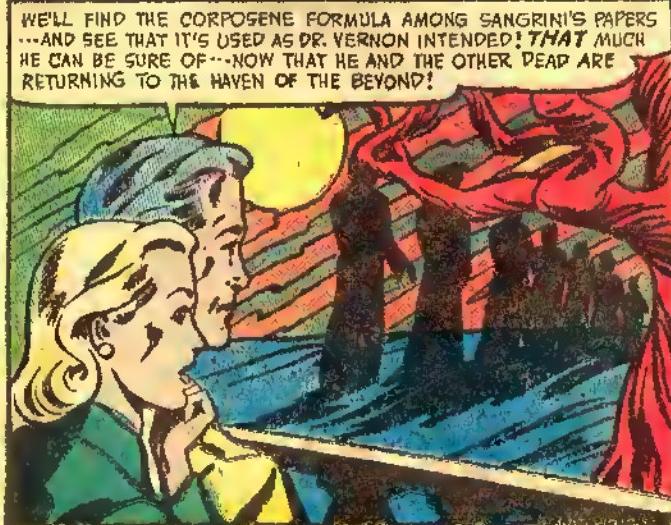


THEN DR. VERNON
DIDN'T FAIL US,
BOB!

RIGHT! HE TOOK A CHANCE
ON YOUR FAINTING WHEN THE
ZOMBIES CLOSED IN---SO HE
COULD TRICK SANGRINI
INTO UNCORING THE
BOTTLE! AND NOW THAT THE
ZOMBIES ARE NO LONGER UNDER
SANGRINI'S FIENDISH
CONTROL---BOTH THEY
AND DR. VERNON WILL
RETURN TO THEIR
RESTING PLACES!



WE'LL FIND THE CORPOSENE FORMULA AMONG SANGRINI'S PAPERS
---AND SEE THAT IT'S USED AS DR. VERNON INTENDED! THAT MUCH
HE CAN BE SURE OF---NOW THAT HE AND THE OTHER DEAD ARE
RETURNING TO THE HAVEN OF THE BEYOND!



NEXT DAY---WE MIGHT AS WELL FORGET
THIS WILD VAMPIRE ANGLE OF YOURS!
SINCE THE POLICE HAVEN'T BEEN
ABLE TO PROVE DR. VERNON WAS
MURDERED---THEY'VE DECIDED HIS

DEATH WAS DUE TO
NATURAL CAUSES! O.K., CHAD---NO NEED
FOR ONE THING---AS WELL LET IT GO AT
THAT! AFTER ALL---HOW
MANY PEOPLE DO BELIEVE
IN VAMPIRES?

WASN'T MIGHTY
AFTER
ALL!



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Boys' and Girls' Models



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and almost as beautiful and easy
riding. Smooths out the roughest
roads.



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jet plane.



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you his name and address.



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THE VISITOR

WALKING DOWN THE high hill toward the cluster of buildings below him, the visitor saw instantly that there were 2,978 souls inhabiting 3,006 bodies in the town of Westwood...and the 28 soulless individuals were not natives of the town, but had moved into it from other localities. That meant, the visitor knew, that he had never before stopped off at Westwood. How he had missed the town in his extensive travels, he couldn't imagine...but he would soon remedy that!

Minutes later, motorcycle patrolman Mike Ragley spotted the visitor speeding down the road toward town in a foreign-made limousine at 80 miles an hour. With siren screaming, Mike soon forced the car to the side of the road. But before Mike could begin to berate the cigar-smoking, prosperous-looking driver with the diamond stud-pin in his tie, the visitor waved a bill in front of Mike's eyes.

"Here's a thousand bucks if you forget what you saw," the visitor said. "I'm in a bit of a hurry...take it or leave it."

Mike gulped as he examined the bill. It was genuine, all right. He'd never taken a bribe in his entire thirty-year career on the force...but a thousand bucks! "It...it's a deal," Mike managed to gasp out. But when he looked up from the bill to wave the visitor on, neither car nor driver was anywhere to be seen...and Mike felt strangely empty and hollow, as if something vital had fled from the core of his being.

2,977 souls now, the visitor thought as he pulled up in front of the Reliable Construction Company building. Within minutes, he was closeted with Honest Jim Parker, the president of the company, offering to tell him what the Westwood Construction Company's bid was for the new highway job. Honest Jim sweated for a few minutes; he'd never done a thing like this before, but his competitor needed that highway contract...and if Jim could underbid them, they'd be sure to go out of business. With visions of having a monopoly on all construction in the town, Honest Jim betrayed his name. "It's a deal," he told the visitor. "Thirty pieces of silver,

thirty silver dollars you want for the information? Here!"

But the instant the deal was consummated, Jim Parker regretted it...for he felt that he had lost something more than his nickname, that something intangible but vitally important had fled from his heart forever.

2,976 now, the visitor thought as he sped on his way to offer the butcher a load of black-market meat, and to offer the 9-year-old-girl the answers to the next day's geography test. But it was the girl, Judy Hanscombe, who was the first one ever to refuse the visitor's offer to some thirteen centuries.

"No, I don't want to know the answers," Judy said, backing away from the visitor toward the butcher shop window. "I know who you are! Those horns...that tail...those booves...you're Satan!"

"Why, Judy," said the butcher, coming out of the store, eager to befriend the stranger who had benefited him so much, "how can you say such a thing about such a nice man? Can't you tell by his overalls and that meat truck he drives that he's just an honest worker?"

"What overalls...what meat truck?" interrupted Patrolman Ragley, who had spotted the visitor standing outside the butcher shop and had pulled up to thank his benefactor. "Why, he's dressed like an important politician...and he drives that big limousine parked at the curb!"

A few passers-by who had heard the conversation stopped to say what they thought the visitor looked like...and strangely enough, each one described a different person! And when the visitor saw Phil Walton, the town's reporter, saunter over to take his picture, he knew that he was washed up in Westwood...and promptly vanished. Later, when the photograph was developed, Phil showed it around, saying, "Little Judy was right...it's Satan! He appeared as a different tempter to each of us...except to Judy and the camera, who saw him as he really was...because they couldn't be tempted into evil!"

DEMON *of the* DEVIL

DEAD LANGUAGES CAN'T REALLY BE CONSIDERED DEAD -- NOT WHEN THEY'RE CAPABLE OF SUMMONING UP A DEMON FROM THE ANCIENT, UNKNOWN PAST! HERE'S A GASP-LADEN TALE OF SUCH A LANGUAGE AND SUCH A DEMON -- FIENDISHLY EVIL BEYOND ALL BELIEF!



THE DEPARTMENT OF ANCIENT LANGUAGES
AT OMEGA UNIVERSITY...

GREAT NEWS, ELLEN! I THINK I'VE FINALLY SUCCEDED IN DECIPHERING THE INSCRIPTION ON THAT ANCIENT ASTYPAREAN STONE TABLET THAT'S BEEN PUZZLING PHILOLOGISTS EVER SINCE IT WAS DUG UP FROM THE RUINS OF BABYLON LAST YEAR!

OH, WARREN --
HOW WONDERFUL!
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER
TO HEAR ALL
ABOUT IT!



HERE'S HOW THE TRANSLATION FINALLY WORKED OUT -- RISE UP, O DEMON OF SATAN -- AWAKEN TO FEED ON THE MINDS OF MORTALS FOR THE GLORY OF THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS!

WHY, IT... IT'S A SATANICAL INCANTATION! I WISH YOU HADN'T SUCCEEDED IN DECIPHERING IT, WARREN!



IT SOUNDS EVEN MORE AWESOME WHEN IT'S READ IN THE ORIGINAL ASTYARIAN LANGUAGE! MY RESEARCHERS HAVE TAUGHT ME HOW THE WORDS ARE ACTUALLY PRONOUNCED-- SO I'M PROBABLY THE FIRST MAN IN THOUSANDS OF YEARS TO READ THE INCANTATION THE WAY IT WAS ORIGINALLY MEANT TO BE INTONED! LISTEN...

NO-- DON'T! WHAT IF THIS INCANTATION IS A GENUINE ONE? IT MIGHT SUMMON UP SOME AWFUL BEING IF IT'S READ IN THE ORIGINAL TONGUE!



DON'T BE A SUPERSTITIOUS GOOSE, MONEY! HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU NOTHING WILL HAPPEN UNLESS I READ IT! -*YAGETRAHITO YA-JATE ASURAYA VAKUHUN ZHAN BHUAI ME-KARTA!*

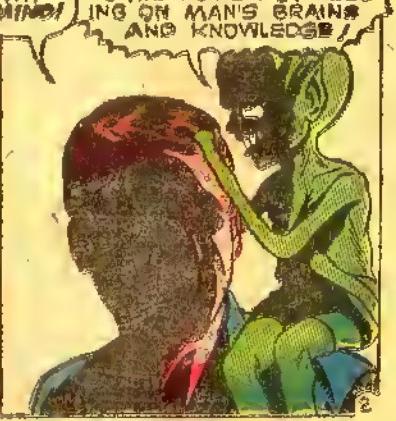


YOU'RE HAVING HALLUCINATIONS! I'M GOING TO GET DR. MARLOWE, THE COLLEGE PHYSICIAN, OVER HERES RIGHT AWAY!

SHE... SHE LEFT.. BUT I CAN SEE IT! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT THING OFF MY BACK! WAIT-- THAT ARMY PISTOL IN THIS DRAWER!

BULLETS CANNOT HURT ME, WARREN STRYKER.. I AM INVULNERABLE TO ALL PHYSICAL WEAPONS! YOU CAN NEVER GET RID OF ME!

YES, I HAVE THE ABILITY TO READ MINDS-- AND FEED ON MINDS! I AM SATAN'S OWN DEMON, SENT OUT INTO THE WORLD THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO TO ADD TO HIS POWER BY FEEDING ON MAN'S BRAINS AND KNOWLEDGE!



BUT SOME 2,000 YEARS AGO I WAS HURLED BACK INTO THE LIMBO OF NOTHINGNESS BY A COUNTER-INNATATION-- AND SLEPT THE SLEEP OF THE DEAD FOR 20 CENTURIES, UNTIL YOU AWAKENED ME! AND NOW I AM FAMISHED FOR LIFE-GIVING KNOWLEDGE! BUT I CAN ONLY BROWSE ON YOUR SURFACE THOUGHTS, BECAUSE A COMPLETE FEEDING KILLS THE VICTIM-- AND I WILL NEED YOU TO CARRY ME AROUND TO ALL THE BRILLIANT SCHOLARS AND SCIENTISTS I WILL CHOOSE TO FEED ON!

AND SINCE I AM INVISIBLE AND INAUDIBLE TO ALL EXCEPT YOU, APPROACHING MY VICTIMS WILL BE EASY! BUT NOW ENOUGH TALK-- I AM FAMISHED FOR KNOWLEDGE-- YOU'LL OBEY ME-- YOU'LL HELP ME GET IT, WONT YOU?

AN STRANGE WORD I HEAR ABOUT THIS I HEAR ABOUT HE HAS SOMETHING'S PERCHED ON YOUR SHOULDER? WHICH I CAN USE/ APPROACH HIM!



OF THE
INQUEST...

...AND IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT THERE
WERE NO SIGNS OF HEART FAILURE AND
NO OTHER REASONS FOR DEATH, IT IS
THE VERDICT OF THIS CORONER'S
COURT THAT DR. JOSIAH
MARLOWE DIED OF
CAUSE OR CAUSES
UNKNOWN!

YOU SEEM TO HAVE AGED IN
THE LAST TWO DAYS, WARREN.
WE KNOW IT MUST HAVE BEEN
A TERRIBLE SHOCK TO HAVE
THE DOC DIE IN YOUR ROOM
LIKE THAT, BUT YOU
SHOULDN'T LET
YOURSELF TAKE
IT SO HARD!

THE DEMON--
IT'S BEGINNING
TO STIR--TO
AWAKEN!



I'VE GOT TO
GET AWAY--
BEFORE IT
BEGINS TO
FEED ON
ONE OF MY
FRIENDS!
POOR GUY--
THE DOG'S
DEATH
SEEMS
TO HAVE
SNAPPED
HIS
NERVES!

GREAT SCOTT--THERE'S DR.
HODGES! I'D BETTER GET
AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE
THE DEMON DECIDES TO GO
AFTER HIM!



I...I'M GOING TO
KILL MYSELF! THAT
WOULD KEEP YOU
FROM FEEDING
ON ANY MORE
VICTIMS!
HEH-HEH-- IT WON'T DO ANY
GOOD-- I'D JUST ATTACH
MYSELF TO ANOTHER
HUMAN CARRIER! BUT
I'VE FED NOW-- I FEEL
MYSELF GETTING
SLEEPY.. BECOMING
INVISIBILITY!



BACK IN... I... I CAN'T GO ON BEING RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE DEATHS OF MORE INNOCENT
PEOPLE-- NOR BEAR THIS BURDEN OF
HORROR AND GUILT ANY LONGER! LET
THE DEMON FIND SOME OTHER CARRIER--
BUT AT LEAST I WON'T HAVE ANY MORE
BLOOD ON MY CONSCIENCE!



I FOLLOWED YOU FROM THE INQUEST-- AND SAW PROF. HODGES DIE AS SOON AS YOU GOT CLOSE TO HIM! I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A MURDERER-- BUT THERE'S SOME DARK, HORRIBLE SECRET ABOUT ALL THIS-- AND YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME WHAT IT IS SO WE CAN FACE IT TOGETHER!

ALL RIGHT, ELLEN-- I FEEL AS IF I'LL GO MAD IF I KEEP IT TO MYSELF MUCH LONGER!



NO, WARREN--THAT'S A COWARD'S WAY OUT! YOU'D JUST BE PASSING THE PROBLEM ON TO SOMEONE ELSE-- BECAUSE THE DEMON WOULD FIND ANOTHER CARRIER! THE ONLY CHANCE IS TO DESTROY IT-- BY FINDING OUT WHAT IT MEANT WHEN IT SAID IT WAS ONCE SENT INTO THE LIMBO BY SOME

COUNTER-INCANTATION--
AND YOU'RE
THE ONE TO
DO IT!

YOU'RE RIGHT! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE LEAD TO THE COUNTER-INCANTATION-- THE OLD ASTYPAREAN TABLET IN THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM!



AS THE TALE UNFOLDS...

IT'S INCREDIBLE!
AND I'D NEVER BELIEVE IT-- IF I COULDN'T FEEL IT ON YOUR SHOULDER!

HOW... HOW ELSE CAN I GET RID OF IT-- EXCEPT BY GETTING RID OF MYSELF?



AT THE MUSEUM...

THERE'S A VERY FAINT, ILLEGIBLE INSCRIPTION JUST BELOW THE INCANTATION-- APPARENTLY NO ONE'S EVER NOTICED IT BEFORE! BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE IT LEGIBLE-- AND THAT'S TO FILL THE TINY IMPRESSIONS WITH RADIOACTIVE DYES AND THEN PHOTOGRAPH THE ENTIRE THING ON FLUOROSCOPIC FILM!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR--
LET'S GO!



HOURS LATER...

THIS ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPH OF THE INSCRIPTION MAKES IT LEGIBLE NOW! BUT IT TOOK ME MONTHS TO DECODE THE OTHER INCANTATION AND LEARN HOW TO PRONOUNCE IT-- AND HEAVEN KNOWS HOW MANY PEOPLE WILL DIE IN THE MONTHS IT'LL TAKE ME TO PRONOUNCE

THIS ONE CORRECTLY!

I DON'T THINK IT'LL TAKE YOU THAT LONG! HAVEN'T YOU WONDERED WHY YOU WERE SUDDENLY SO EXPERT AT HANDLING RADIOACTIVE DYES AND FLUOROSCOPIC EQUIPMENT-- WHEN YOU NEVER TOOK A CHEMISTRY OR PHYSICS COURSE IN YOUR LIFE?



THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE EXPLANATION-- THAT THE SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION THE DEMON GOT FROM HIS LAST TWO VICTIMS SOMEHOW FILTERED DOWN INTO YOUR BRAIN, SINCE YOU'RE ITS CARRIER! AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA-- WHO'S THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORITY ON THE ASTYPAREAN LANGUAGE?

OLD PROFESSOR GAVIN-- BUT HE'S PAST 90, AND REPORTEDLY ON HIS DEATH-BED-- HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE OF ANY USE TO US!



BUT LATER, AT THE HOME OF PROFESSOR GAVIN—
YOUR STORY IS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE.. BUT I DO RECALL LEGENDS ABOUT SUCH A DEMON! AND IF ONE REALLY DOES EXIST.. **I CAN HELP YOU!** THE DOCTORS HAVE ONLY GIVEN ME A FEW DAYS TO LIVE.. BUT NOW I CAN DIE WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I'M HELPING MANKIND GET RID OF THE **MOST FIENDISH DEMON IN HISTORY!**



OH, PRO-FESSOR, YOU... YOU'RE SO GOOD!

I'M GLAD TO DO IT.. BUT DON'T LET YOUR YOUNG MAN KNOW! JUST TELL HIM THAT I'M FEELING STRONGER.. AND THAT IF WE POOL OUR KNOWLEDGE, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO ARRIVE AT THE CORRECT PRONUNCIATION OF THE NEW INCANTATION!



YOU MEAN PROFESSOR GAVIN WILL HELP ME WORK ON THE INSCRIPTION? THAT'S GREAT NEWS! MAYBE THE TWO OF US, WORKING TOGETHER, CAN SUCCEED IN THE LITTLE TIME BEFORE THE DEMON WAKES!

LATE NEXT DAY...

NOW I BELIEVE THIS PART OF THE CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTION IS PRONOUNCED LIKE THIS...

WAIT! THE DEMON-ITS AWAKENING!

I... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.. BEFORE IT STARTS FEEDING ON YOUR RICH MIND, PROFESSOR!

BUT BEFORE WARREN CAN FLEE...

AH, ANOTHER PROMISING VICTIM-- APPROACH HIM!

I--HEAR! I--OBEY!



AARGHHH!

I... I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING TOUCHING THE PROFESSOR-- BUT HE... HE'S DYING!

AH, I GAINED MUCH FROM HIS MIND! NOT ONLY GREAT KNOWLEDGE.. BUT THE FACT THAT THERE IS A PLOT AGAINST ME! BUT IT WILL NEVER SUCCEED.. I WILL KILL YOU NOW, WARREN STRYKER.. AND PREVENT YOU FROM EVER LEARNING THE SECRET OF THE COUNTER-INCANTATION!



NO-- NO!

BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

NO, YOU'RE SAFE-- IT'S FALLING ASLEEP! I'M OKAY-- AT LEAST UNTIL IT AWAKES AGAIN!

BUT ONLY FOR THE MOMENT! I HAVE FEED-- I'M GROWING SLEEPY-- SLEEPY--

THE PROFESSOR DIED-- BUT MAYBE NOT IN VAIN! PERHAPS SOME OF HIS KNOWLEDGE MAY FILTER DOWN FROM THE DEMON INTO YOUR BRAIN-- ENOUGH TO ENABLE YOU TO LEARN THE CORRECT PRONUNCIATION OF THE COUNTER-INCANTATION BEFORE THE DEMON WAKES AGAIN!

IF... IF ONLY YOU'RE RIGHT, ELLEN-- IF ONLY YOU'RE RIGHT!

AFTER A DAY OF WORKING HARD,

I'M GAINING MORE AND MORE OF THE DARLING, YOU'RE PROFESSOR'S KNOWLEDGE-- BUT IT'S STILL NOT ENOUGH TO GIVE ME THIS KEY TO THE COUNTER-INCANTATION! INCANTATION BEFORE THE DEMON AWAKES BECAUSE IT'S SURE TO FEED ON YOU THE FIRST THING!

FINALLY...

I'VE GOT IT, ELLEN! EVERYTHING'S FALLEN INTO PLACE-- I'M SURE I KNOW THE CORRECT PRONUNCIATION OF THE COUNTER-INCANTATION NOW!

AND JUST IN TIME, TOO-- BECAUSE I CAN FEEL THE DEMON BEGINNING TO STIR! HERE GOES-- ROZH AKKADI PAIKULI KHVARISMIA TAJIKU--

THE... THE WORDS-- THE SACRED COUNTER-INCANTATION! I MUST STRIKE BEFORE YOU CAN FINISH!

BUT AS THE LAST WORDS OF THE INCANTATION ROLL OFF WARREN'S TONGUE...

-- ORMAZO- MULJANI!

CRAK!

YAAGH!

IT WORKED, DARLING! AND IT'S GOING TO STAY THERE-- BECAUSE THE ONLY INCANTATION YOU'RE EVER GOING TO RECITE ALOUD AGAIN ARE THE WORDS OF THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY!

The END

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

YES, IT'S A fine time for talking things over. Winter's with us again, so what better time to relax and trade ideas on yours and our favorite subject—the Supernatural! So, while the wind walls with a banoffee bowl, let's lock the door against the things that thronq in the night—and get together for the cozy chat we've been promising ourselves for the past month!

One thing we did want to tell you about, and that's the remark recently dropped by a friend of ours whom we chanced to meet. "How are things in the supernatural world?" he said, smirking. The expression in his face didn't leave any doubt as to what he was thinking. He was a doubter and scoffer—to him, there was nothing in life but the commonplace. He lacked the imagination to journey, even in fancy, to distant and challenging horizons—to the strange, unknown and forbidding realms peopled by the fascinating beings which have so thrilled you and ourselves. True, we don't claim that such things exist—because we lack the conclusive physical proof demanded by scientists. But what we do say is that there is more in life—and beyond life—than we mortals know. What more challenging, then, than to bring to eager readers everywhere the type of startling stories for which they've been clamoring? That's what we've done in "Adventures Into The Unknown"—and nationwide response reached such propor-

tions as to cause us to issue a new magazine of similar content—"Forbidden Worlds". Obviously, it was what the public wanted, judging from the enthusiastic reaction we received. But it didn't stop there. Our countless thousands of readers clamored for still more, and so—we've done it again! Effective this issue, a great new magazine appears on newsstands everywhere. It's called "Out of The Night". Like its front-ranking companions, "Adventures Into The Unknown" and "Forbidden Worlds", "Out of The Night" concerns itself with gripping exploits into the dark mysteries of the supernatural. You'll find thrilling, gasp-laden tales of midnight terror—strange secrets of the hidden realms that lie beyond the border of physical fact. "Out of The Night" is what you want—designed for you—so don't miss it!

And so, with the issuance of our third great publication, "Adventures Into The Unknown" pledges itself anew to continue its high standards of reader satisfaction—to bring to its public a steady fare of the best and most gripping tales of the mysterious supernatural. For proof, read this current issue—and tell us what you think of it! If you have any suggested improvements, let us hear about them. Address your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. As for what some of our other readers say, here goes:

"Dear Editor:

A short time ago, I happened to pick up one of your 'Adventures Into The Unknown' comics. I was astounded at the way you could make your stories, featuring fantastic and uncanny creatures, seem so true to life. I've read many a comic, but never have I come across one that appealed to me so much. I especially enjoyed your story, 'The Howling Hunter'. I'd deeply appreciate it if I could obtain back issues, if at all possible. Believe me, I'll be waiting for every future issue!"

"Dear Editor:

I wish to commend you on the excellent taste with which your stories are written. In the last issue I read, there were two stories I enjoyed so much that I'd like an autographed picture of each of their authors, if such is obtainable. These stories were 'The Portrait Without A Soul' and 'Ghost Writer'. I wish to congratulate and praise your book as the best of its kind.

--Allen Schreder, West Seneca, N. Y."

--Bobby Belcher, Crumpler, W. Va."

Read "Adventures Into The Unknown"—"Forbidden Worlds"—"Out of The Night"

SATAN'S SCEPTRE

MAGICIANS ARE COMMONLY THOUGHT TO POSSESS OCCULT POWERS, AND SOME OF THEM DO TOY WITH THE SUPERNATURAL -- BUT THE SUPERNATURAL IS NOT A THING TO TOY WITH. EXCEPT ON THE PERIL OF DEATH! AND HERE'S A CHILLING PROOF OF THAT-- IN THE EERIE CASE OF SATAN'S SCEPTRE!



BUT A MOMENT LATER...

LOOK-- SHE STEPPED OUT OF THE BOX-- SHE'S ALIVE!

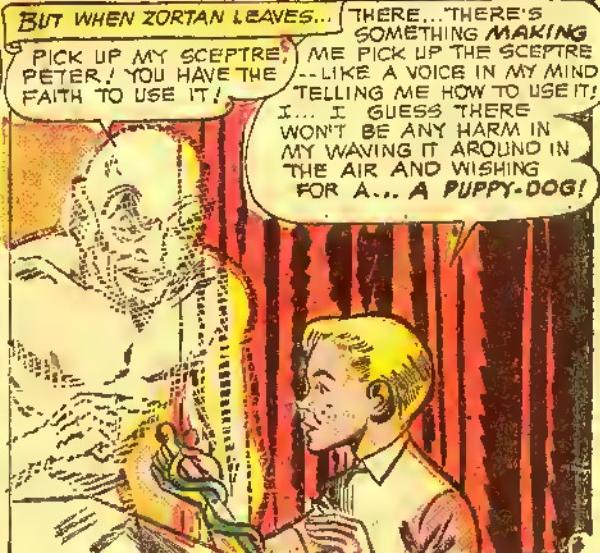
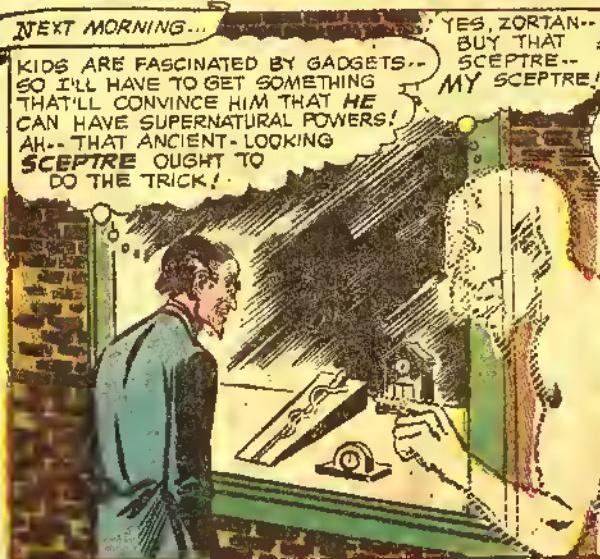
THANK YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! BUT NOW I MYSELF WILL RISK EXCRUCIATING TORTURE IN THE DEATH OF HUNDREDS SPEARS!

RAY FOR ZORBAH!

YOU CAN HEAR THE METALLIC SOUND AS I RAP MY WARS AGAINST THE SPINES OF THE "IRON MAIDEN", USED IN MEDIEVAL TORTURE -- SO THAT YOU WILL KNOW THEY ARE MADE OF IRON, NOT RUBBER! AND NOW I WILL STEP INSIDE THE CASE, DARLA WILL PRESS THE BUTTON THAT CLOSES THE DOOR AUTOMATICALLY -- AND THE SPINES WILL PIERCE ME THROUGH AND THROUGH!

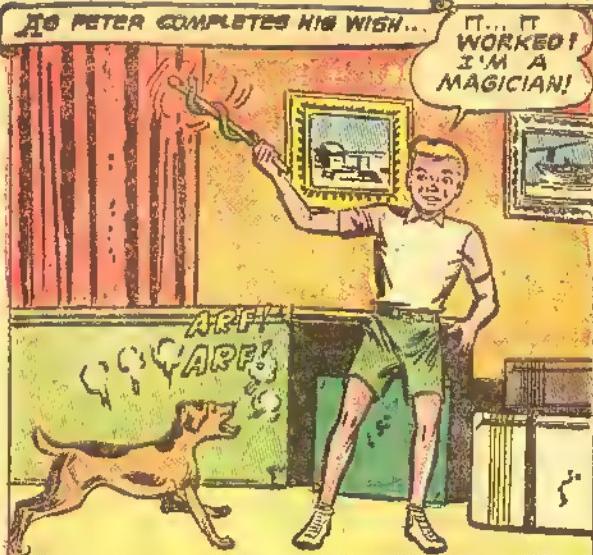
CLANG!





AS PETER COMPLETES HIS WISH...

IT... IT
WORKED!
I'M A
MAGICIAN!



I... I WANT A
BICYCLE, A
FOOTBALL, A
FISHING-ROD...



MEANWHILE, ON THE STAGE OF THE
DESERTED THEATER...

HA--THAT DRUG I SLIPPED INTO HER COFFEE
CERTAINLY KNOCKED HER OUT! NOW ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS PERSUADE THE KID THAT HE CAN
THROW THE SWITCH THAT WILL CUT DARLA IN
HALF-- AND THAT HE CAN MAKE HER WHOLE
AGAIN WITH THE AID OF THE WAND! BUT THIS
TIME SHE WILL BE KILLED! I'LL BE RID OF
A BLACKMAILER-- AND THE KID WILL BE
BLAMED FOR HER DEATH!



MINUTES LATER...

OH-OH, I HEAR SOMEONE
COMING-- IT MUST BE MR.
ZORTAN! I... I'D BETTER
WISH FOR ALL THESE THINGS
TO DISAPPEAR, AND THEN
PUT THE WAND DOWN-- SO
HE WON'T KNOW I'VE
BEEN USING IT!



ALL RIGHT, PETER-- YOU'RE GOING TO USE THE
SCEPTRE NOW! DARLA HAS AGREED TO LET
YOU SAW HER IN HALF-- AND AFTER YOU
FINISH, YOU CAN WAVE THE SCEPTRE AND
COMMAND HER TO BE WHOLE AGAIN-- AND
SHE WILL BE!

GEE, THAT SOUNDS
LIKE FUN, MR.
ZORTAN!

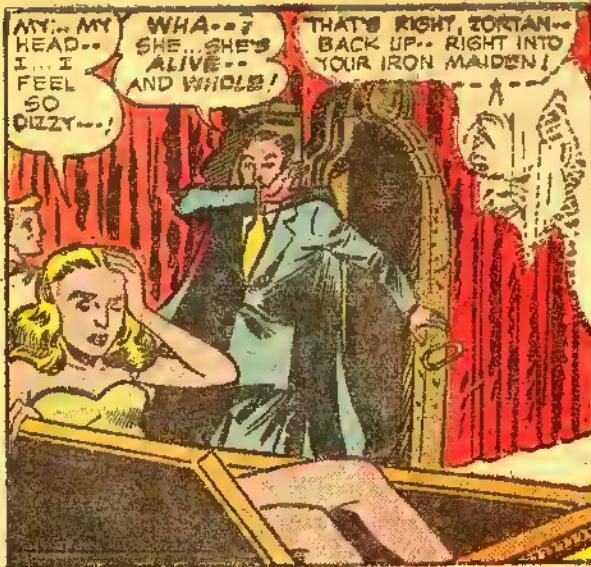


MINUTES LATER...

HA--THE SAW HAS CUT THROUGH
HER COMPLETELY-- AND THIS
TIME IT WASN'T DONE BY
MIRRORS! SHE'S DEAD--
I'M RID OF HER!

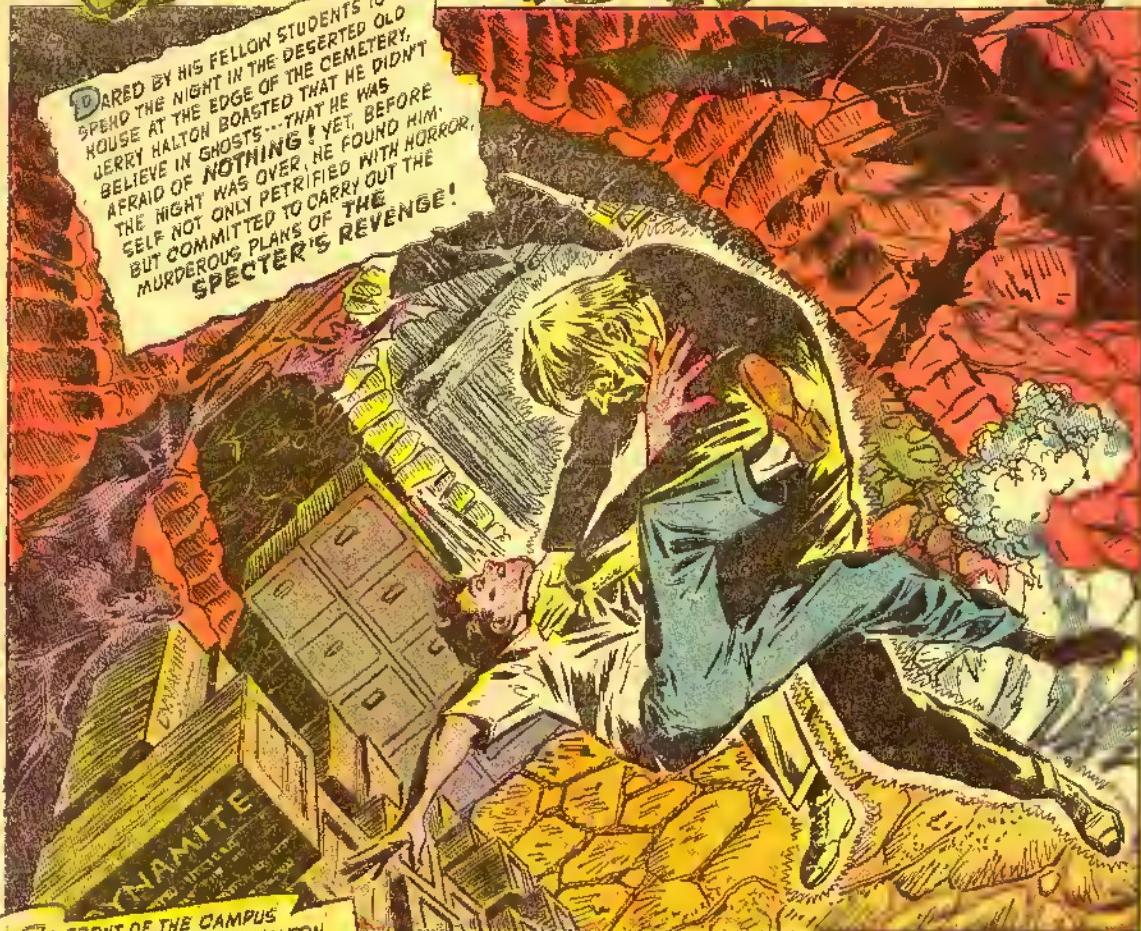
WELL, I GUESS
IT'S TIME TO
WAVE THE
SCEPTERE AND
MAKE HER
WHOLE AGAIN...
RISE UP, DARLA!
COME BACK
TO LIFE!





The SPECTER'S REVENGE

DARED BY HIS FELLOW STUDENTS TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN THE DESERTED OLD HOUSE AT THE EDGE OF THE CEMETERY. JERRY HALTON BOASTED THAT HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS...THAT HE WAS AFRAID OF NOTHING! YET, BEFORE THE NIGHT WAS OVER, HE FOUND HIMSELF NOT ONLY PETRIFIED WITH HORROR, BUT COMMITTED TO CARRY OUT THE MURDEROUS PLANS OF THE SPECTER'S REVENGE!



IN FRONT OF THE CAMPUS
STATUE OF BENEDICT I. HALTON,
FOUNDER OF HALTON UNIVERSITY...

LISTEN, GUYS, IT'S HIGH TIME
WE PROVED TO JERRY HALTON
THAT HE'S NO BETTER THAN
WE ARE!

YEAH, JUST BECAUSE HIS GRANDFATHER FOUNDED THE UNIVERSITY AND HIS OLD MAN IS PRESIDENT, JERRY THINKS HE'S KING OF THE CAMPUS!

HERE LIES MY DUST
DISTURB IT NOT
FOR IF YE DO
RETURN I MUST

MAYBE IF WE DID DISTURB THE OLD BOY'S ASHES, JERRY'S GRANDFATHER WOULD COME BACK AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT HIS CONCEITED GRANDSON!

WAIT...I'VE GOT A REAL IDEA! LISTEN...



BATER...
SAY, JERRY, WE'LL BET FIFTY BUCKS YOU DON'T HAVE NERVE ENOUGH TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN THAT OLD HOUSE IN THE CEMETERY!

THAT
WHAT
YOU
THINK?

IT'S A BET! I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING...AND I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS! I'LL STAY THERE ALL NIGHT AND HAVE A GOOD SLEEP!

OOO

EVERY NIGHT, AS FULL MOON LIGHT SHEDS AN EERIE GLOW OVER THE OLD ABANDONED HOUSE AT THE EDGE OF THE CEMETERY...

PEOPLE SAY THAT TERRIBLE THINGS GO ON IN THAT HOUSE AT MIDNIGHT, JERRY! MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TURN BACK!

IF YOU THINK YOU CAN FRIGHTEN ME, YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME!

BUT, DESPITE HIS BRAVADO, JERRY'S HEART BEATS FASTER AS HIS LANTERN CASTS FLICKERING SHADOWS THAT SUGGEST THE SHAPES OF MONSTROUS EVIL WITHIN THE RAMSHACKLE BUILDING...

SURE IS DARK AND MUSTY IN HERE--LIKE A TOMB! AND GRAVE-DIGGERS! SHOVELS--BRRR!

THEN, WITHIN THE COBWEBBED GLOOM--

THINK I'LL LEAVE THE LANTERN BURNING AND KEEP MY KNIFE HANDY--IN--IN CASE THERE ARE ANY VICIOUS RATS AROUND!



A DISTANT CHURCH BELL TOOK THE HOURS AWAY LIKE THE KHELL OF DOOM ITSELF--WHILE THE BREAKING FLOOR BOARDS AND THE WIND MOANING THROUGH THE SHATTERED WINDOWS PREVENT ALL THOUGHT OF SLEEP! THEN, AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT--

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH THE LANTERN--THE WHOLE ROOM'S FULL OF SMOKE! WHAT--WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE--THAT SHAPE? IS IT MY IMAGINATION--OR IS IT SOMETHING MOVING--SOMETHING ALIVE?



SUDDENLY--LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A DEMON'S NIGHTMARE--

AH--YOU HAVE COME TO ME AT LAST, JERRY!

WHO--OR--OR WHAT--ARE YOU?



I AM YOUR UNCLE JOHN, JERRY--YOUR FATHER'S BROTHER WHO DISGRAVED THE FAMILY!



YOU--YOU CAN'T BE! UNCLE JOHN DIED BEFORE I WAS BORN! BUT WHATEVER YOU ARE, I--I'LL DRIVE YOU AWAY!

MY--MY KNIFE--IT PASSED RIGHT THROUGH YOU--AS IF THROUGH THIN AIR!



OF COURSE, NEPHEW--I'M A BODLESS SPECTER! DON'T TRY TO RESIST ME--YOU AND I ARE GOING TO BE GOOD FRIENDS! YOU'RE EVEN GOING TO DO ME A FAVOR--BY COMMITTING A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER!

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...

IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT...
LET'S GO! GOT THE WHITE
GHOST SHEETS, TOM?

YEAH--AND BOB HAS THE CHAINS!
WE'LL SURE SCARE THE WITS OUT
OF JERRY HAL...

HEY...THAT
WAS A SCREAM!
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED TO
JERRY...
COME ON!



HE'S OUT COLD--AND I CAN'T BRING
HIM TO! WE'D BETTER GET HIM TO THE
CAMPUS INFIRMIARY!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

HOW'S MY
SON, DOCTOR?
HE'S CONSCIOUS
NOW, MR. HALTON
---BUT HE APPARENTLY
RECEIVED A SEVERE
EMOTIONAL SHOCK!
HE KEEPS SAYING
THAT HE SAW THE
GHOST OF HIS
UNCLE JOHN! I'VE
GIVEN HIM A SEDATIVE
TO KEEP HIM
QUIET!

BUT HOURS LATER...

JERRY...I
HAVE COME
BACK!

THAT...
THAT AWFUL,
HOLLOW
VOICE
AGAIN!



YOU HAVE FREED ME, JERRY
---AND NOW YOU WILL KILL
FOR ME! YOU HAVE TO...
YOU CANNOT
ESCAPE ME!

GO
AWAY!
HELP!



IT... IT CAME AGAIN! I'VE GOT TO GET
AWAY!

NOW...NOW...

YOU'VE JUST
HAD A NIGHTMARE!
BACK TO BED WITH
YOU AND I'LL GIVE
YOU ANOTHER
SEDATIVE!



**The FOLLOWING EVENING, WHEN JERRY RETURNS TO
HIS HOME...**

YOU MUST RID YOUR MIND OF
THIS NONSENSE THAT YOU SAW
YOUR UNCLE JOHN, SON --- HE
WAS KILLED IN AN AUTOMOBILE
ACCIDENT **YEARS** AGO! HE
WAS A THOROUGHLY DISREPUTABLE

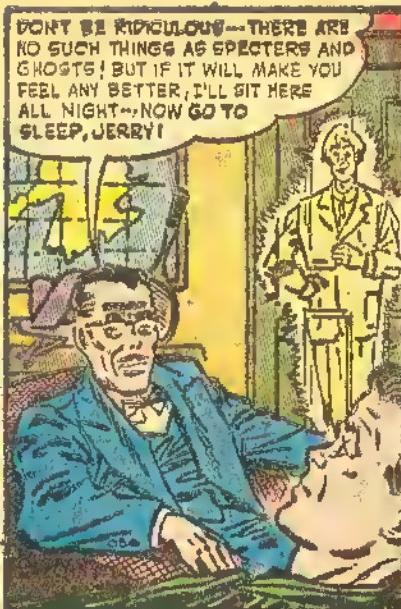
BUT, FATHER, HE
EVEN LOOKED LIKE
THE PICTURES OF
UNCLE JOHN! HE'LL
COME BACK AGAIN
TONIGHT...I
KNOW

PERSON WHO CAUSED YOUR
GRANDFATHER AND ME
UNTOLD ANGUISH...AND
I DON'T
WANT
HIS
NAME
MENTIONED
ED ABBAMS!

HE WILL!



DON'T BE RIDICULOUS—THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS SPECTERS AND GHOSTS! BUT IF IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, I'LL SIT HERE ALL NIGHT... NOW GO TO SLEEP, JERRY!



YES, I SWORE I WOULD DESTROY HIM AND MY FATHER AND THE WHOLE UNIVERSITY! BEFORE I COULD CARRY OUT MY MURDER IN AN AUTO CRASH AND I WAS BURIED IN THE CEMETERY KEEPING A SILENT, I COLDLY NAME MY VENGEANCE—I COULD ONLY WAIT, HOPING THAT SOME DAY A BLOOD RELATIVE WOULD COME TO THE CEMETERY AT MIDNIGHT! THAT WAS THE ONLY THING THAT COULD MAKE ME MATERIALIZE AND RISE FROM MY GRAVE!



IN LUMB WITH TERROR AND POWER-LESS TO RESIST, JERRY IS LED OUT TO THE DESERTED CAMPUS...



THEN YOU CAME, JERRY—AND NOW YOU WILL CARRY OUT MY SCHEME! MY FATHER IS ALREADY DEAD AND HIS ANKED REPOSE IN THAT MONUMENT ON THE CAMPUS... AND IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE YOUR FATHER PRELIVES IN THE HEARTS OF THE UNIVERSITY!



IT'S AS IF HEH ENTHUSED ME, PARALYZING MY WILL!—YES—I WILL FOLLOW YOU!

RURATED LATER, IN THE BASEMENT OF THE LIBRARY BUILDING...

THERE'S A KEY ON TOP OF THE DOOR FRAME... GET IT AND UNLOCK THE DOOR TO THE SUB-CELLAR!



AH---THE ROOM HASN'T BEEN ENTERED SINCE I LEFT IT! BEFORE I DIED, I WORKED HARD FOR MANY WEEKS SMUGGLING IN BOX AFTER BOX OF DYNAMITE UNTIL I HAD ENOUGH TO BLOW THE WHOLE UNIVERSITY---AND YOUR FATHER---OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH! AND NOW YOU WILL SET THE EXPLOSIVES OFF, JERRY!

THAT---THAT WOULD BE MURDER---AND SUICIDE FOR ME! THIS CREEP DOESN'T KNOW IT YET, BUT I'VE JUST BROKEN OUT OF HIS HYPNOTIC SPELL---BECAUSE NO HYPNOTIZED SUBJECT CAN BE MADE TO DESTROY HIMSELF!

THERE'S THE FUSE! NOW STRIKE A MATCH, JERRY... **AND LIGHT IT!**

IT'S NOW OR NEVER... I... I'VE GOT TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT!



COME BACK HERE!



AS A SPIRIT, I HAVE NO CONTROL OVER MATERIAL OBJECTS, EXCEPT THE KINSMAN WHO CAUSED ME TO MATERIALIZE! SO ALTHOUGH I CAN'T LIGHT THE FUSE, I CAN FORCE YOU TO DO IT!

GASP... STOP!
I... I'LL LIGHT IT!



HIS... HIS GRIP IS AS ICY AND UNSHAKEABLE AS DEATH ITSELF---I CAN'T BREAK AWAY!







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Out-of-this-World POKER

"**A**WAKE, HUMAN!" ROARED Sitzim, King of the Outer Universe.

Nick Halliday groaned and put a shaky hand to his throbbing head. The last thing he remembered was that he'd been sitting in at his nightly poker game at the Ace-High Casino; he'd been winning, as usual, and he'd just been about to bluff his way into a pot with a pair of deuces when... poof...blackout! He could remember nothing else.

Slowly, painfully, Nick opened his eyes...and promptly closed them again. He couldn't have seen those four incredible creatures leering down at him. One had had a lizard's face atop an ape-like body; another had had four slimy tentacles sprouting from a blank, featureless ovoid that resembled a monstrous egg; a third had...but why go on? It was only a nightmare, Nick decided...but wait...he never had nightmares!

Thoroughly awake now, his cool gambler's mind assessing and weighing all the probabilities, Nick opened his eyes again...and kept them open.

"Ah, you have revived," said Akor-nah, King of the Third Astral Confederation.

"Ha, it is no wonder that you look at us so strangely, human," chortled Tortha-karf, King of the Allied Solar Systems. "But we shall explain your presence here in the gaming room of the Inter-Universal Palace. You see, a few hours ago as you humans reckon time, an exploratory space-patrol ship of the Inter-Universal fleet discovered a remote planet called Earth by its inhabitants. Instantly, the ship's mind-probing machines were switched on, learning the languages and habits of your fellow humans, and then..."

"And then," interrupted Dhergabar, King of the Galactic League, "a grappling beam was sent out to pick up a single human who was exceptionally gifted in the planet's games of skill and chance...and that human happened to be you, Nick Halliday!"

"Yes," added King Sirzim, "and since I and each of my fellow kings have had an

opportunity to read your mind while you were in the teleportation trance, we now know the rules of all the games you are familiar with...and we will play a single game of your choice...with the planet Earth as the stakes!"

"You see," put in King Akor-nah, "the kings of the Inter-Universes abolished war many aeons ago, for our weapons are so destructive that war would mean suicide for all. Instead, when any new planet or world is discovered, we play a game for it...with the winner being entitled to wipe out the planet's entire native population, and to resettle it with members of his own kingdom. But we always include one member of the new planet's population in the game...just for sport. But we warn you...no outsider has ever beaten us, thanks to our ability to read minds!"

"For that reason," chuckled King Dhergabar, "it would be foolish for you to attempt to *bluff*, as you put it in your language...because we will know your hand the moment you look at it. Now then, here are the pasteboards called *cards* which were in your possession when you were picked up...which game do you choose?"

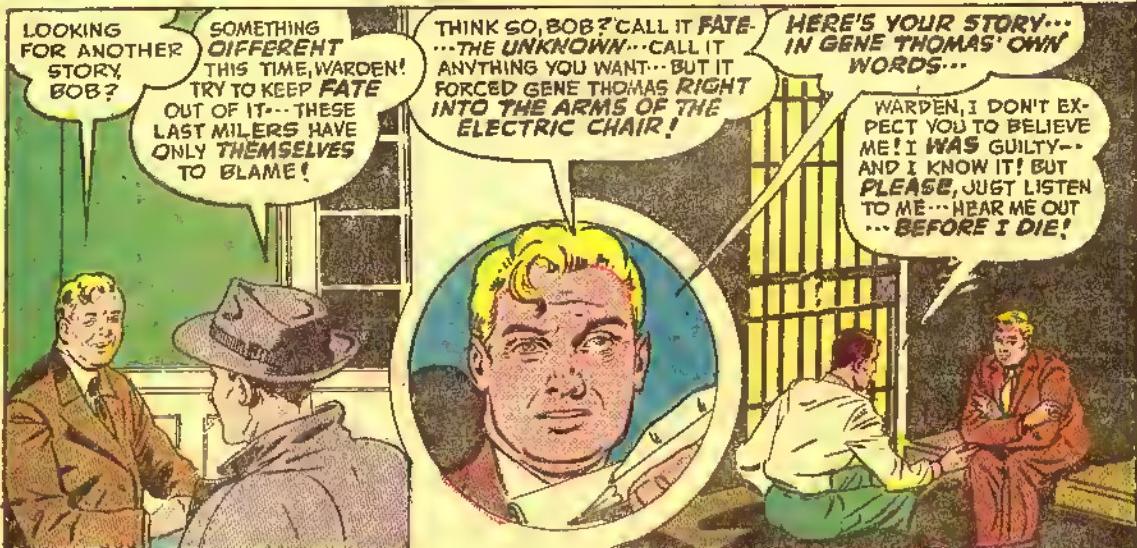
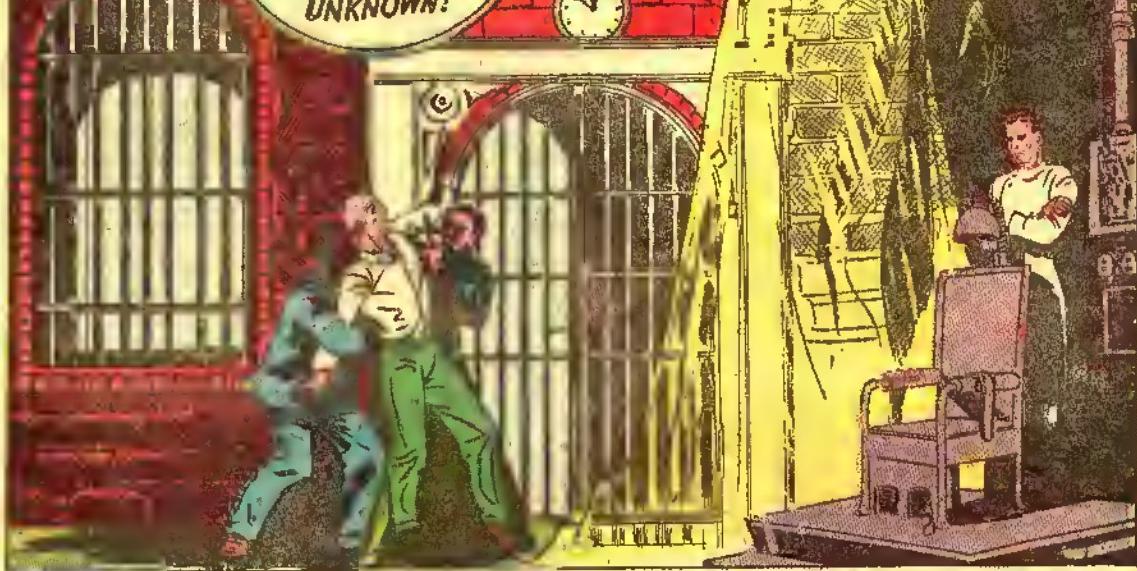
Nick shrugged coolly, his gambler's mind having already accepted the fantastic situation. "Draw poker," he said.

A minute later, Nick glanced down through slitted eyes at the cards he'd been dealt...and then grinned up at his opponents. "Four kings," he thought. "Try to beat that, you buzzards."

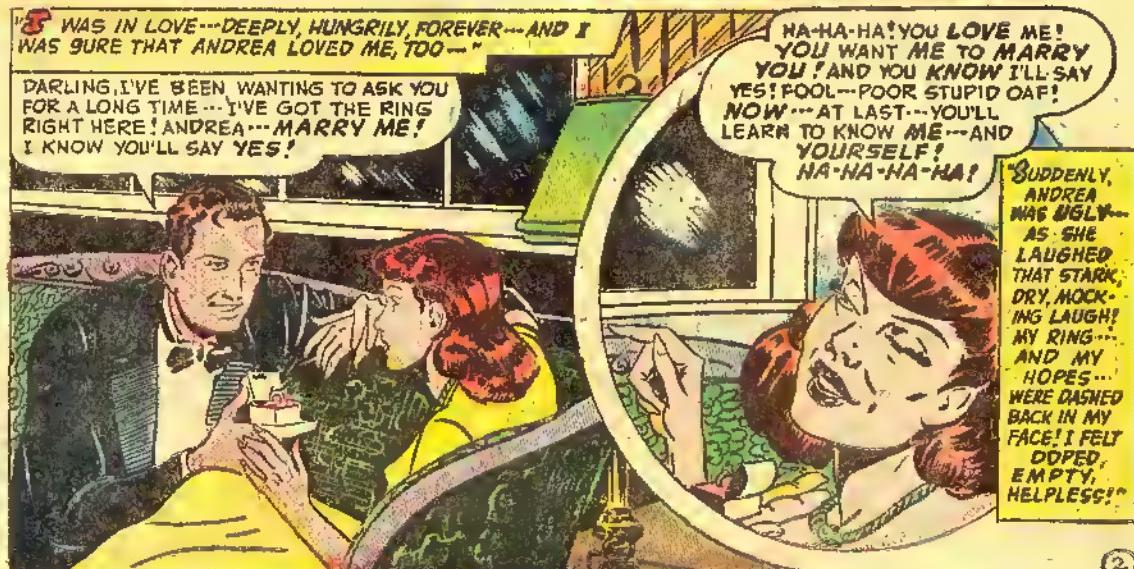
His opponents read his mind, saw that he actually had seen four kings...and each of them threw away good hands, trying desperately for the straight flush that would bear Nick's hand. None of them made it, and all conceded that Nick had won. But on the way back to the earth he had saved, Nick grinningly thought of the puny pair of deuces he'd had...for the four kings he'd seen had been four live kings...his opponents!

DOUBLE VISION!

LIFE IS AN ESCAPE, THE WISE ONES SAY! ALL HIS LIFE, MAN IS RUNNING ... FROM SADNESS, TRAGEDY AND DEATH ... SEEKING TO BE FREE! SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY, HE LEARNS THAT THERE ARE SOME THINGS HE CAN NEVER ESCAPE--THAT HE CAN NEVER REALLY BE FREE ... OF THE UNKNOWN!



GAN YOU IMAGINE YOURSELF IN LOVE WITH A WOMAN---NO, A HALF-WOMAN, HALF-DEMON---ENSLAVED BY SUCH A CREATURE--- WHILE SHE LAUGHED AT YOUR PITIFUL EFFORTS TO WIN HER LOVE---AND YOUR EVEN MORE PITIFUL EFFORTS, TO 'BREAK AWAY??'



"I WAS IN THE COILS OF A SERPENT---A HYPNOTIZED, WRITHING VICTIM---HALF DEVOURED, BUT NEVER TOSSED ASIDE! SHE WAS AS FASCINATING TO OTHER MEN AS SHE WAS TO ME---BUT ONLY I WAS FEARFUL OF HER WRATH--- TORTURED BY HER COLONEL'S --- HELPLESS!"



"I COULD USE A DRINK! HAS ANYONE GOT ONE HANDY?"

"A DRINK? TAKE MINE, ANDREA! I'LL GET ANOTHER."



"KEEP YOUR DRINK! AND STOP FOLLOWING ME AROUND AND FAUNING---YOU---YOU SPANIEL!"



"THEN---THERE WERE OTHER TIMES THAT MADE THE HUMILIATIONS WORTH WHILE---"

"I'M SORRY I WAS SO HATEFUL THIS AFTERNOON, HONEY! YOU'RE REALLY MY FAVORITE MAN! FORGIVE ME?"

"WHEN YOU'RE SO SWEET, ANDREA... HOW CAN I HELP IT?"



"THEN... GENE... WILL YOU MARRY ME?"

"ANDREA, SAY THAT AGAIN! NO... DON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND... I WILL!"



"I WENT AHEAD AND MADE ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS! THE EVENTFUL WEDDING DAY ARRIVED---AND ALL MY FRIENDS WERE AT THE CHURCH! I WAS GOING TO SHOW THEM ONE AND ALL... I WAS IN SEVENTH HEAVEN---FOR I WAS MARRYING THE MOST DESIRABLE GIRL IN THE WORLD!"



"DO YOU, ANDREA, TAKE THIS MAN..."



"IN AN INSTANT, FROM THE HEIGHTS OF HAPPINESS, I TUMBLED TO THE COLD, STONE FLOOR OF MY OWN PRIVATE DUNGEON!"



MARRY THIS INSECT? OF COURSE NOT! I NEVER INTENDED TO! I WANTED TO SEE HIM SQUIRM WHEN I STEPPED ON HIM IN PUBLIC--AND WATCH HIM COME CRAWLING AFTER ME ON ALL FOURS--



COME ON, GENE! CRAWL!

BUT...YOU PROMISED... PLEASE!
ANDREA...DON'T LEAVE ME...!



"# FINALLY CRAWLED BACK TO MY ROOM... FEELING AS THOUGH I HAD TRAVELED THE ENTIRE WAY ON ALL FOURS..."



YOU...YOU'VE COME BACK! IT'S YOU...!

YES...I! DIDN'T YOU EXPECT ME? DO YOU THINK I'VE COME TO APOLOGIZE? WELL...YOU'RE WRONG!



"# FELL ON MY KNEES BEFORE HER... KISSED HER SHOES..."

ANDREA, I BEG YOU...DON'T DO THIS TO ME! HAVE PITY ON ME!

AFTER I'VE GOT YOU TAMED AND JUST WHEN YOU'VE BEGUN TO BLEED ZOH, NO! I HATE MEN...
I HATE YOU...



...I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO! I'LL PLAGUE YOU---TORMENT YOU---AND LISTEN TO YOU SCREAM! YOU'RE MINE...AND I'LL KILL YOU BY INCHES...BUT NEVER LET YOU GO!



I...I'LL KILL YOU... NOW!



KILL ME IF YOU PITYFUL
EX CUSE FOR A MAN--
YOU COWARD--YOU
HAVEN'T THE NERVE
TO KILL ME! YOU'RE
AFRAID!

NO--
NO! I'LL
--KILL--
YOU--

"I BACKED AWAY--MY BRAVADO
FADING! AGAIN, SHE MOCKED ME--"

REMEMBER--YOU'RE WHAT I
MADE YOU--A MISERABLE
CREATURE! I'D COME BACK
FROM THE DEAD TO HAUNT
YOU IF YOU DID KILL ME!
BUT YOU WON'T--I KNOW
IT--YOU KNOW IT!
YOU'RE AFRAID!

HERE, YOU LILY-LIVERED
RABBIT! TAKE THIS GUN!
GO ON--DO IT! SHOOT
ME! KILL ME!



"I WAS AFRAID! BUT AS I LOOKED
THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL FACE
TO THE EVIL BEHIND--MY HEAD
SWIRLED IN A DEEP, RED HAZE--
SOMETHING WITHIN ME
SNAPPED--"



"MY FINGER
TIGHTENED ON
THE TRIGGER
... MY HEAD
EXPLODED--
I HEARD A
SCREAM OF
PAIN--"

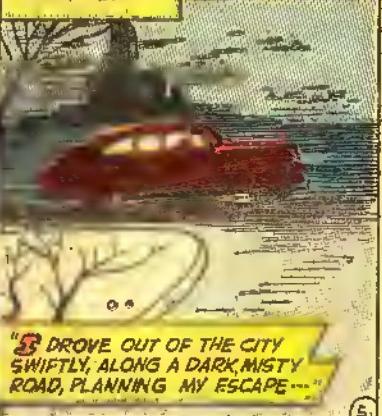
CRAK!
CRAK!
CRAK!



"THE HORROR WHICH ANDREA LEE HAD BREED IN ME WAS STRONGER
THAN EVER AS I FLED THE ROOM--"



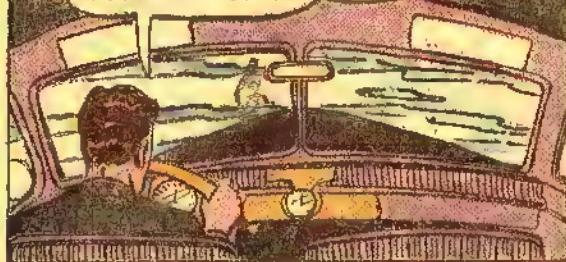
"ONE THOUGHT FILLED ME NOW--
ABOVE THE TERROR AND THE
SHAME--ESCAPE! I HAD TO
GET AWAY--FROM MY PAIN-FILLED
PAST--FROM THE MEMORY OF
ANDREA LEE--"



"I DROVE OUT OF THE CITY
SWIFTLY, ALONG A DARK, MISTY
ROAD, PLANNING MY ESCAPE--"

"THEN ON A LONELY, MISTY ROAD..."

THERE'S SOMETHING--SOMEONE--WALKING ON THE ROAD AHEAD OF ME! THE MIST'S ALL AROUND THE FIGURE LIKE A BLACK SHROUD! IT'S A WOMAN--SHE MIGHT BE IN TROUBLE!
I'LL SLOW DOWN!



"ES PULLED UP, THE SHAPE IN THE BLACK-SHROUDED MIST TURNED..."

IT'S YOU
...YOU!



"ES LEAPED FROM THE CAR, LOATHING MYSELF AS I DID! SUDDENLY, I KNEW THAT MY LOVE FOR THIS WOMAN REMAINED AGAIN, I KNEELED BEFORE HER..."

ANDREA, FORGIVE ME--I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING! I DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOOT YOU! I LOVE YOU--I'M SO HAPPY YOU'RE ALIVE!

REMEMBER... I SAID YOU COULD NEVER KILL ME...



I SAID I WOULD COME BACK TO HAUNT YOUR CRAVEN SOUL!

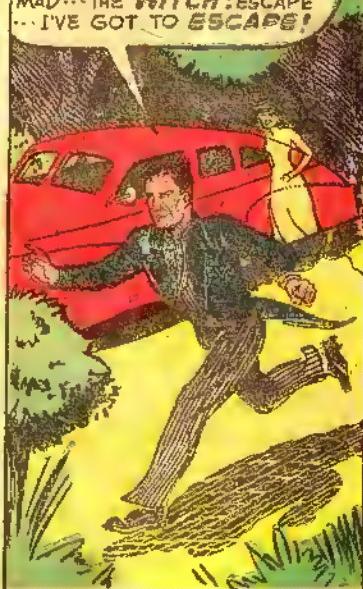
REMEMBER??

SHE... SHE'S DIS-
APPEARING!
SHE IS DEAD!



"DESERTING MY CAR, I RAN..."

HER SPIRIT HAS COME BACK TO HAUNT ME! SHE'LL DRIVE ME MAD--THE WITCH! ESCAPE--I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!



"DAYLIGHT HAD SCATTERED THAT TERRIBLE NIGHT BEFORE I RESTED! FOR A WEEK, I FLED--ON AND ON-- ESCAPING FROM HER, RATHER THAN THE LAW!"

I'VE LOST HER--AT LAST! BUT I NEED REST--NEW CLOTHES--I'M SEEDIER LOOKING THAN THAT PANHANDLER UP AHEAD!



"AS IF SHE'D HEARD MY THOUGHTS, THE PAN-HANDLER TURNED..."



"IT WAS THE GHOST OF ANDREA LEE, RETURNING TO MOCK ME IN MY MISERY..."

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN, GENE THOMAS--FORGOTTEN ME? WE'LL MEET AGAIN, GENE, AND YOU WILL REMEMBER!

GO AWAY--
GO AWAY!

"AGAIN I FLED FROM MY PAST INTO THE BARREN VOID THAT WAS MY FUTURE... UNTIL... I FOUND MYSELF ALONE, BEATEN, CLOSE TO THE END..."

GO ON, BUB, NO LOITERIN' AROUND HERE... MOVE ALONG!

I'M GOING... GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE... AWAY FROM HER... WAIT! NO!



IT'S AN HALLUCINATION! NO! IT'S... IT'S ANDREA!

DO YOU THINK I'VE COME TO APOLOGIZE? WELL... YOU'RE WRONG...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, BUB? ARE YOU DRUNK? BEAT IT OR I'LL RUN YOU IN!

SHE'S HERE... AFTER ME AGAIN! DON'T YOU SEE HER? I'M AFRAID... SAVE ME... PROTECT ME...!



HAVE YOU SAID YOUR FINAL PRAYERS, MY SON?

I HAVE,... BUT I'M THANKFUL... I'LL SOON BE FREE!

AND... WALKING THE LAST MILE...

"IN THE COURTROOM, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A MONTH, I WAS AT PEACE..."

GENE THOMAS... FOR THE MURDER OF ANDREA LEE... I SENTENCE YOU TO DIE... IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!



AT LAST... I'LL BE FREE-- OF HER!

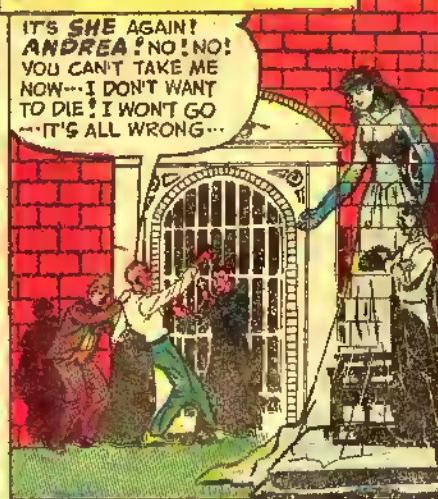


"AS I STEPPED INTO THE EXECUTION CHAMBER, MY MIND WAS FAR AWAY FROM MY OWN IMMINENT DEATH--"

I SHOULD HAVE HAD THE COURAGE TO DO THIS LONG AGO! I'VE ESCAPED YOU NOW, ANDREA LEE--"

"BUT... THERE... WAITING FOR ME BY THE ELECTRIC CHAIR... BECKONING..."

IT'S SHE AGAIN! ANDREA? NO! NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE ME NOW--I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I WON'T GO--IT'S ALL WRONG...



I WANT TO GIVE MYSELF UP TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR--BUT NOT TO ANDREA! AND SHE'S WAITING FOR ME--RIGHT THERE! SAVE ME... DON'T KILL ME NOW--DON'T! NO! NO!"

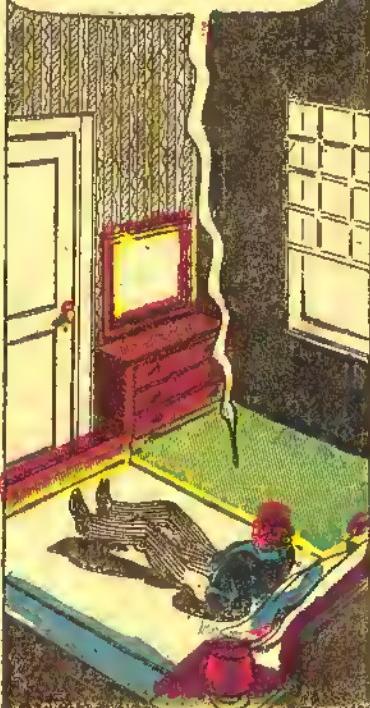
HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND... WELL, HAVE TO TIE HIM TO THE CHAIR!



SHE'S WAITING FOR ME... DON'T KILL... WHA...? WHERE AM I? HERE... HERE IN MY HOTEL ROOM! ALIVE! I'M ALIVE!

IT WAS A HORRIBLE DREAM! ANDREA WON'T COME HERE--I DIDN'T KILL HER! I'M SAFE! THANK HEAVEN! NOW--AT LAST--I'LL BE ABLE TO GO AWAY... LEAVE HER... FOREVER!

KNOCK-KNOCK!



AT THE DOOR WAS MY LOATHSOME PAST... MY HORROR-FILLED PRESENT... MY TERRIFYING FUTURE--ALL ROLLED INTO ONE!"

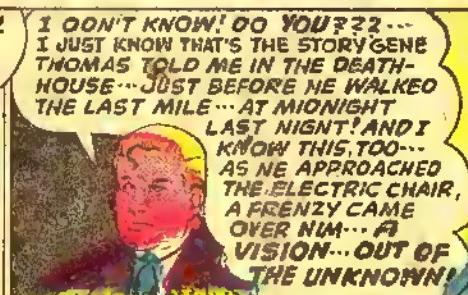
YES... I! YOU--YOU'VE COME BACK! DIDN'T YOU EXPECT ME? DO YOU THINK I'VE COME BACK TO APOLOGIZE? WELL... YOU'RE WRONG!



KNEW THEN I COULD NEVER ESCAPE FROM ANDREA LEE--FROM MY FATE! WHATEVER WAS GOING TO HAPPEN... I WOULD DIE!"

HMM, QUITE A STORY, WARDEN! CAN ALL THIS--FATE--THE UNKNOWN--ACTUALLY BE TRUE???

I DON'T KNOW! DO YOU?? I JUST KNOW THAT'S THE STORY GENE THOMAS TOLD ME IN THE DEATH-HOUSE--JUST BEFORE HE WALKED THE LAST MILE... AT MIDNIGHT LAST NIGHT! AND I KNOW THIS, TOO-- AS WE APPROACHED THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, A FRENZY CAME OVER HIM... A VISION... OUT OF THE UNKNOWN!



The Hideous Head



ALMOST EVERY SCHOOLBOY HAS READ ABOUT THE ANCIENT GREEK LEGEND OF MEDUSA'S HEAD... THAT HIDEOUSLY GROTESQUE OBJECT WHICH HAD THE POWER OF TURNING ALL WHO LOOKED AT IT TO STONE! AND SINCE MOST LEGENDS ORIGINALLY HAD SOME FOUNDATION IN FACT, THAT HEAD OF HORROR COULD ACTUALLY HAVE EXISTED! A CHILLING POSSIBILITY, READER-- AND OUT OF IT EMERGES AN ERIE, SPINE-TINGLING STORY YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

AT AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXCAVATION NEAR THE ANCIENT GREEK CITY OF ARGOS...

PROFESSOR GRIFFITH, WE'VE JUST UNCOVERED A NEW CAVE IN THE EXCAVATIONS, AND IT SEEMS TO LEAD INTO THE ANCIENT MARKET PLACE OF ARGOS! COME ALONG-- WE'RE ABOUT TO EXPLORE IT!

I CAN'T GO WITH YOU NOW-- I STILL CAN'T TEAR MYSELF AWAY FROM THIS STATUE OF VENUS I DUG UP YESTERDAY! SHE'S SO LOVELY... SO UTTERLY LOVELY!

BACK IN THE STATES, I ALWAYS HEARD THAT GRIFFITH WAS SLIGHTLY TOUCHED-- BUT THIS EXPEDITION HAS CONVINCED ME OF IT!

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORITIES ON ANCIENT SCULPTURES-- AND HE SEEMS TO FALL IN LOVE WITH EVERY STATUE HE FINDS-- AS IF IT WERE ACTUALLY ALIVE!



WELL, IT'S EASY TO
UNDERSTAND WHY HE'S
THAT WAY! HE'S BEEN
SPURNED BY WOMEN
BECAUSE OF HIS
UGLINESS -- BUT
NO STATUE
CAN EVER MOCK
OR REJECT HIM!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!
ONLY TWO NIGHTS AGO, I
HEARD HIM PROPOSE TO
DR. NANCY HOPEWELL, THE
GORGEOUS GEOLOGIST ON
THE EXPEDITION -- AND HE
WENT INTO A RAGE WHEN
SHE TURNED HIM DOWN.
COLD, BUT LET'S
FORGET THE POOR
DEVIL -- HERE'S
THE CAVE!

ONLY A STATUE -- BUT BEAUTIFUL,
AND HER MARBLE HEART -- WARMER
THAN THOSE OF HER CRUEL HUMAN
SISTERS! FAREWELL, MY LOVELY --
THERE MAY BE OTHERS LIKE YOU IN
THE NEWLY-FOUND CAVERN!



THIS IS INCREDIBLE --
I... I'VE NEVER SEEN
A STATUE THAT LOOKED
SO AMAZINGLY
LIFELIKE!

GRIFFITH! COME
HERE AND LOOK
AT THIS!

BY JUPITER, THIS IS
AMAZING! THAT LOOK OF
SHEER HORROR AND
AGONY ON HER FACE WASN'T
THE KIND OF EXPRESSION
THE GREEK SCULPTORS
EVER PUT ON THEIR
STATUES! AND THERE'S
NOT EVEN A PEDESTAL --
IT'S ALMOST AS IF THIS
HAD BEEN A LIVE
WOMAN WHO HAD
TURNED TO STONE!



THEY... THEY'RE ALL
INCREDIBLY LIFELIKE --
AND THEY ALL HAVE
THAT SAME EXPRESSION
OF UNSPEAKABLE
HORROR!

YES, AND THEY ALL SEEM
TO BE LOOKING DOWN THAT
PERPENDICULAR CORRIDOR
AROUND THE BEND!
COME ON -- LET'S SEE
WHAT'S OVER THERE!



BUT AS THE TWO MEN ROUND THE BEND --

ARGH! ... I'M
PARALYZED -- CAN'T
MOVE -- CAN'T TEAR
MY EYES AWAY
FROM THAT... THAT
THING!

IT... IT FEELS AS
IF I'M BEING
TURNED INTO
STONE!
GRIFFITH --
HELP US!



THEY'RE
CHANGING
COLOR...
BECOMING
WHITER...
THE
COLOR OF
STONE!

AHHH!

AND HE... HE'S STONE-HARD--
STONE-COLD! OOPS--HE'S
TOPPLING OVER--

HE... HE SHATTERED--
LIKE BRITTLE
MARBLE!

THERE... THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE EXPLANATION--
THIS CAVE MUST BE THE BURIAL GROUND FOR
MEDUSA'S HEAD! ACCORDING TO ANCIENT
GREEK LEGEND, ALL HUMANS WHO LOOKED
UPON THE HEAD OF MEDUSA WERE INSTANTLY TURNED
TO STONE! THE GREEK HERO, PERSEUS, WAS
SUPPOSED TO HAVE ONLY
LOOKED AT HER RE-

FLECTION IN HIS
POLISHED SHIELD
WHILE HE CUT OFF
HER HEAD! THEN THE
HEAD WAS BURIED AT
THE MARKET PLACE
AT ARGOS-- AND WE
STUMBLED ON IT AFTER
ALL THESE THOUSANDS
OF YEARS! AND NOW I
CAN USE PERSEUS'
TRICK TO OBTAIN
THE HEAD!

LATER, AT THE TENT OF DR. NANCY HOPEWELL,
THE EXPEDITION'S GEOLOGIST...

WHY, YES, YOU CAN BORROW
MY MIRROR, PROF. GRIFFITH--
BUT WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU
WANT WITH IT? AND WHY?

WAIT HERE
AND YOU'LL
PIND OUT,
NANCY-- I'LL

THAT BURLAP BAG
AND NET?

BE BACK IN AN
HOUR WITH **THE
GREATEST
DISCOVERY OF
THE AGES!**



BACK IN THE CAVE...

AH, BY HOLDING THE MIRROR
UP AT THE PROPER ANGLE, I
CAN WALK BACKWARDS AND
SEE WHAT TURNED THOSE
MEN INTO STONE! GREAT
ZEUS-- THERE IT IS--
THE HEAD OF
MEDUSA!

SHE'S JUST AS THE LEGENDS
DESCRIBE HER-- WITH THOSE
HORRIBLE, WRITHING, UNDYING
SNAKES ATOP HER HEAD! BY
THROWING THE NET BACK
OVER MY SHOULDER, I
CAN SNAG THE HEAD AND
TOSS IT INTO THE BAG
WITHOUT ONCE
LOOKING DIRECTLY
AT IT-- AND THEN
MEDUSA'S
HEAD
WILL BE
MINE!



AFTER SECURING THE HEAD...

WHEN I ANNOUNCE MY DISCOVERY,
WHEN THE WHOLE WORLD IS PAYING
ME HOMAGE, PERHAPS THEN
WOMAN WILL LOOK UPON ME
MORE KINDLY! AND THE
FIRST ONE WHOSE
ADMIRATION I'LL
WIN WILL BE
NANCY!



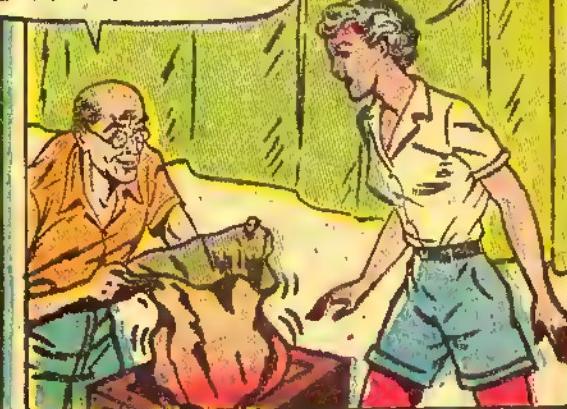
YOU'VE SPURNED ME IN THE PAST, NANCY.. BUT
WHEN YOU HEAR WHAT I'VE DISCOVERED; WHEN
YOU REALIZE WHAT FAME AND GLORY THE
CONTENTS OF THIS BAG WILL BRING ME, I'M
SURE YOU'LL RETURN
MY LOVE!

DON'T MAKE ME
LAUGH! NOTHING
COULD EVER
MAKE ME
LOVE YOU!



I COULD KILL HER FOR LAUGHING AT ME..
AND I WILL! IF I CAN'T HAVE HER, NO
MAN EVER WILL! BUT I'LL HAVE TO
CONTROL MY FURY, MAKE SURE SHE
DOESN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING!

I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED WHY, CERTAINLY
YOU WOULD NEVER HAVE THE LIKES -- AND I'M
SORRY IF I
HURT YOUR
FEELINGS!



WHAT
IS IT--A
SURPRISE?
I CAN'T
QUITE
MAKE
IT OUT!

KEEP LOOKING--
IT'LL BE THE
BIGGEST
SURPRISE
OF YOUR
LIFE!

OH--SOME-
THING'S
HAPPENING!
I'M STIFFENING--
CAN'T MOVE--
A MUSCLE--
COLD--

YES, STONE-COLD!
YOUR BLOOD IS
TURNING TO
STONE-- AND
WHEN IT REACHES
YOUR STONY
HEART, YOU'LL
DIE IN STONY
ABORTY!



BUT... BUT WHY DIDN'T SHE GET THAT EXPRESSION OF AGONY AND HORROR LIKE THE OTHERS? PERHAPS BECAUSE IT WAS DARK IN THE BAG, AND SHE COULD JUST SEE ENOUGH TO BE KILLED BY THE HEAD'S STRANGE POWER-- WITHOUT ITS FULL HORROR DAWNING ON HER!

IF SO, THAT TELLS ME HOW I CAN AVENGE MYSELF ON ALL THOSE WHO HAVE SPURNED ME-- ON ALL WOMANKIND! I'LL TURN THEM INTO STONE BY MAKING THEM LOOK AT THE HEAD WHILE IT IS IN THE SHADOWS, SO THAT THEY'LL DIE WITHOUT THEIR FACES BEING CONTORTED IN AGONY! THEY'LL BE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THEY WERE IN REAL LIFE, AND THEY'LL BE PRESERVED FOREVER IN STONE-- FOR ME! BUT FIRST, I'LL HAVE TO MAKE SURE NO ONE SEES NANCY'S STATUE---



MOMENTS
LATER...

WELL, MY STONY-HEARTED ONE--YOU'LL NEVER LAUGH AT ME OR SPURN ME IN CONTEMPT! YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE ME-- YOUR LOVELINESS IS ETCHED PERMANENTLY IN STONE-- AND IT'S MINE! AND YOU'RE ONLY THE FIRST ONE--ONLY THE FIRST!

A MONTH LATER...

THAT'S QUITE A TALL ORDER YOU'RE GIVING ANNE! BEST AND PRETTIEST AND ME, CHIEF-- TELLING US TO SOLVE THE MYSTERIOUS WAVE OF DISAPPEARANCES OF ARTISTS' MODELS IN THE CITY!!

I'M DEPENDING ON YOU TWO-- YOU'RE MY BEST DETECTIVE, CHUCK, AND ANNE'S MY MISSING MODEL--TRY TO FIND OUT THE LAST PLACE SHE VISITED! AS SOON AS YOU GET A LEAD, ANNE CAN POSE AS A MODEL AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY!



SAY, CHUCK, THIS MIGHT BE A CLUE! THIS NEWSPAPER I FOUND ON THE MODEL'S BED IS DATED YESTERDAY, THE DAY OF HER DISAPPEARANCE!-- AND THERE'S A RED CIRCLE AROUND A CLASSIFIED AD IT READS-- "WANTED, SCULPTOR'S MODEL, HIGH PAY, STUDIO B. 509 EAST STREET!"

MM.. SHE MIGHT HAVE GONE THERE --, AND THAT MEANS YOU'RE GOING THERE! AND IF YOU'RE NOT OUT OF THAT STUDIO TEN MINUTES AFTER YOU ENTER IT, I'LL COME BARGING IN!

AN HOUR LATER, YES, INDEED.. HELLO--ARE YOU THE ONE WHO PLACED THAT AD ASKING FOR A SCULPTOR'S MODEL?



WHY, THESE STATUES ARE ASTONISHINGLY LIFELIKE! YOU MUST BE ONE OF THE GREATEST SCULPTORS OF THE AGE!

OF COURSE, NOW IF YOU'LL JUST STAND THERE, MY DEAR, AND TURN YOUR EYES TOWARD THAT CURTAIN--

WAIT--THIS STATUE'S FACE -- IT'S THE FACE OF THE LATEST MODEL WHO'S DISAPPEARED!

DISAPPEARED! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT! SHE WAS JUST A MODEL WHO CAME HERE LAST WEEK--

YOU'RE LYING! SHE ANSWERED YOUR AD ONLY YESTERDAY! AND BESIDES, IT WOULD TAKE MONTHS OF LABOR TO CHISEL OUT A STATUE AS PERFECT AS THIS ONE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, BUT WELL, FIND OUT AT HEADQUARTERS! COME ALONG!



WITH A MADMAN'S STRENGTH AND SWIFTNESS...



HEH, HEH-- THAT STATUE WAS STONE-HARD! YOUD NEVER THINK IT WAS ACTUALLY ONCE A SOFT, LIVING GIRL -- BUT IT WAS! AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO BE TURNED INTO A STONE-COLD, STONE-HARD STATUE -- AS SOON AS YOU LOOK AT THE HEAD OF MEDUSA I DISCOVERED IN GREECE!



THERE, THE CURTAIN IS DRAWN.. AND I'VE ALSO TURNED ON THE LIGHT THAT ILLUMINATES THE HEAD, BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO SEE IT IN ALL ITS GHASTLY HORROR BEFORE YOU DIE!

THAT MADMAN IS STANDING WITH HIS BACK TO THE WALL AND THE DOOR! I DON'T KNOW IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO THAT STORY ABOUT MEDUSA'S HEAD -- BUT WHEN I BARGE INTO THE ROOM, HE'S SURE TO WHIRL AROUND TO FACE THE DOOR -- AND HIS EYES WILL CATCH SIGHT OF THE HEAD!

DON'T PRETEND YOU'RE STILL DAZED-- GET UP AND LOOK AT THE HEAD!

WHY NOT TRY SHOOTING AT A MAN, RAT?

CRASH!



AS GRIFFITH WHIRLS-- FORGETTING ABOUT THE HEAD FOR ONE FATAL MOMENT...

WHY--THE HEAD-- IT... IT'S IN MY LINE OF VISION! I... I CAN'T TEAR MY EYES AWAY FROM IT----



THE... THE AGONY... HOLY COW-- HE'S BLOOD TURNING TO STONE, TURNING INTO REACHING MY HEART-- THE COLOR OF STONE!

YAGHHH!



THAT... THAT STORY ABOUT MEDEUSA'S HEAD MUST BE TRUE-- BECAUSE HE... HE'S AS COLD AND HARD AS A STATUE-- AND JUST AS DEAD!

OH-- IS... IS THAT YOUR VOICE, CHUCK? WHAT HAPPENED? MY HEAD'S STILL IN A WHIRL--- I... I CAN'T EVEN SEE STRAIGHT!

DON'T TRY SEEING STRAIGHT, BABY-- UNTIL WE BACK OUT OF THIS ROOM AND CALL THE POLICE EMERGENCY SQUAD! I'LL ASK THEM TO BRING A LARGE MIRROR AND A VAT OF SULPHURIC ACID-- AND YOU CAN LOOK IN THE MIRROR, AND WATCH WHAT WE DO TO OLD MEDUSA'S HEAD! BUT I WARN YOU... IT WON'T BE A PRETTY SIGHT!



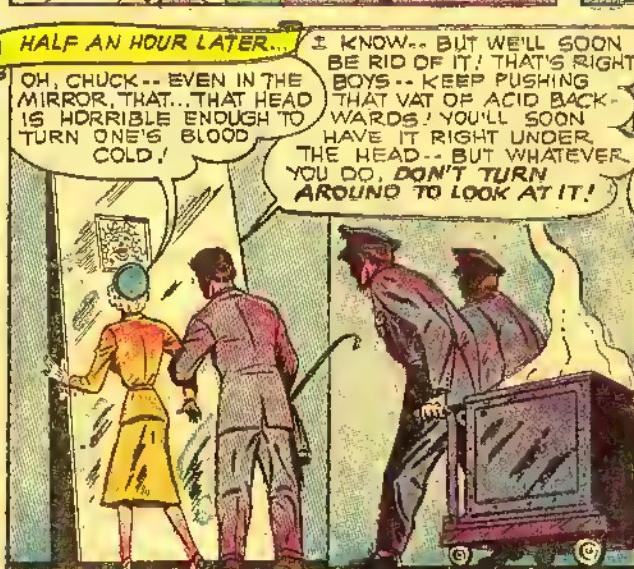
HALF AN HOUR LATER...

OH, CHUCK-- EVEN IN THE MIRROR, THAT... THAT HEAD IS HORRIBLE ENOUGH TO TURN ONE'S BLOOD COLD!

I KNOW-- BUT WE'LL SOON BE RID OF IT! THAT'S RIGHT, BOYS-- KEEP PUSHING THAT VAT OF ACID BACKWARDS! YOU'LL SOON HAVE IT RIGHT UNDER THE HEAD-- BUT WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T TURN AROUND TO LOOK AT IT!

MINUTES LATER...

I CAN HEAR THE SNAKES HISsing-- I MUST BE NEAR THE BOX! AH, THE CROW-BAR HAS POKED INTO SOMETHING SOFT-- IT MUST BE THE HEAD! NOW ONE QUICK TWIST OF THE WRIST AND---



YOU DID IT, CHUCK! THE HEAD WAS COMPLETELY DISSOLVED IN THE ACID-- IT'S BEEN DESTROYED FOR GOOD! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO NOW-- SEE TO IT THAT THE STATUES ARE GIVEN DECENT BURIALS!

SURE, HONEY-- EVEN I DON'T WANT ANYTHING AROUND TO REMIND ME OF MEDUSA'S HORROR! BUT IT'LL BE EASY TO FORGET HER-- AS LONG AS YOU LET ME KEEP LOOKING AT YOUR LOVELY FACE!



The End

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you— are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they want to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And, won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

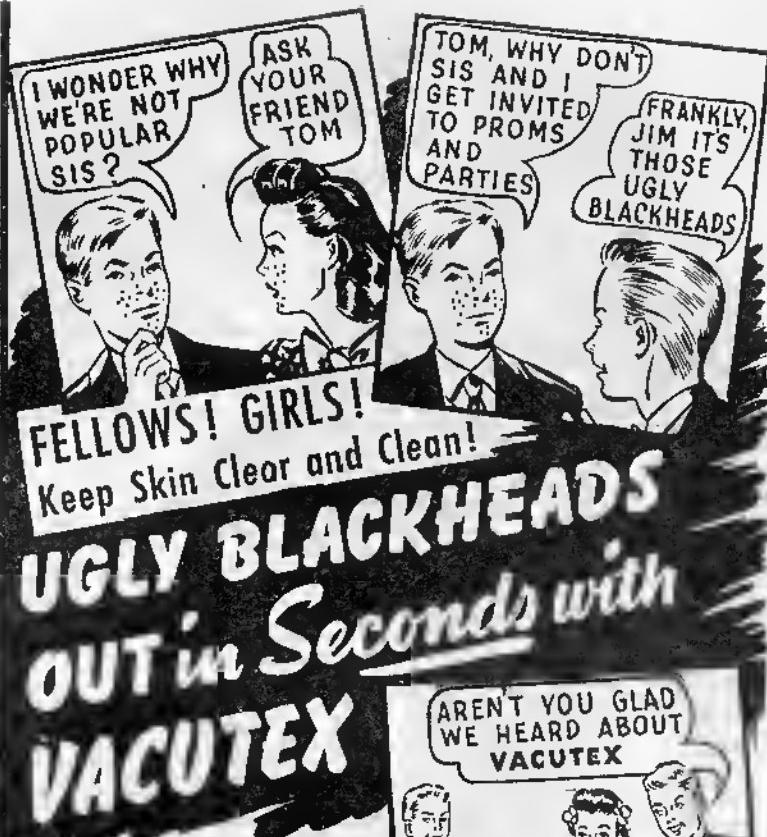
Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T KILL BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

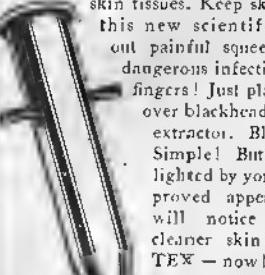
Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!



NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



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No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!



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